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PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

UNPUBLISHED LECTURES ON PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M. A.

No. I.

'We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best;
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us.'

WORDSWORTH.

THE object of the following Lectures is to awaken inquiry on a subject of undoubted interest in itself, and of very considerable relative importance. The opinions, which any individual would offer on such a topic, must, of course, be founded on the general views he has taken of literature in its several great branches, and on the importance he attaches to it in its moral or national relations. I shall endeavour, as far as the limits of a few Lectures will allow me, to point out such circumstances as I think most deserving of consideration. That the subject is of the importance I have mentioned, the extensive circulation of an almost indefinite number of periodicals sufficiently proves; for, supported as they are by the active and excited state of the public mind, and appealing as they do with all the force of novelty, and the pretences of a particular authority, they can not but exert an influence which, as far as it is good, must be of important benefit, but which, in whatever degree it is corrupt, is one of the most extensively mischievous engines that can be placed in the hands of the shallow thinker, the mercenary speculator, or the false theorist. The periodical literature of our day has had no parallel in extent; and it has had no parallel either in its influence, or its good or bad spirit. Half a century back, it was the weak offspring of a mawkish and insipid taste,—the puling, shivering bantling which the Delias of the day kept from starving, and nursed with their lap-dogs. In the present day, it is the strong and active spirit of public thought and public feeling caught and condensed; the energies of stirring minds working in all directions, and trying bold experiments on all subjects; the roused and busy agent of society, searching the high-ways and by-ways of existence for undiscovered gold, or rare and precious flowers, and holding up to the multitude, sometimes, things of value, and, at others, those which make the poison of society. I think it would argue a more than ordinary degree of apathy to be indifferent to the progress, or the present state of a species of literature, thus influential on public manners, and forming, as it does, also, a sort of thermometer by which to tell the state of the public feeling and intellect. I know it is the fashion in certain quarters, to regard with the most careless indifference—to say the least—the important influence which periodical literature has upon society at large; I know it is the fashion to consider its importance only as it respects the amusement of an idle half-hour, by some, or as it serves the party spirit of the day, by others; that the higher powers of the kingdom value it only by the account books at the Stamp Office; that a large portion of those who furnish its material, barter the free exercise of the noblest faculties to the best bribe offered; that the authorised teachers of morality either look on with utter indifference, or retire into their own circles and make a periodical literature for themselves; and that the public, the readers and promoters of periodicals, the supporters of

the whole vast machine, care little how it is worked, or what will be the effect of its operation.

But I trust the time is coming, when this will no longer be the case; when the spirit which is abroad will be tried and examined; when its mere boldness and activity will not be deemed alone sufficient; when those who have the control of it will find it necessary to consider its more important tendencies; when the anonymous writers of a periodical must be as honest and consistent in their sentiments, as sound in their reasoning and language, as the known author of a volume; and when a periodical itself, to be widely circulated, must depend, for its popularity, neither on the spirit of its squibs, its abuses of a public character, its flash paradoxes, or even its criticisms on the fine arts, and reviews of new books; but on its tone of fine, manly sentiment, its vigorous but right-hearted reasoning, the purity as well as liveliness of its style,—its tendency, in fact, to make men nobler, and better, and happier; to improve the public taste on the general principles of sound criticism, and make the love of novelty and the excited state of the public mind, subservient to the loftiest and most important interests of humanity. I trust that this will, by and by, be the case; and that, as the awakened spirit of public intelligence has, by its powerful impulse, created this almost new species of literature; so it will, by its continued action, by its higher aspirations, by its grasping at whatever can exalt our being, or open new sources of happiness, necessarily improve this and every other agent of great and general influence.

As this subject is closely connected with the common history of literature, and as, moreover, that particular branch of our national literature, of which we propose to treat, has mainly sprung from the operation of great political causes, it may be useful, before entering on the main points of these Lectures, to take a cursory view of the general progress of literature, and state, as briefly as possible, some of the causes to which the establishment of the periodical press on such a wide basis, may be attributed. In doing this, however, I trust it will be understood that I do not intend making any allusions to the political questions which the subject might seem to involve. I shall endeavour to search for causes, and view them in connexion with their effects. The judging and comparing of principles belong to another subject and another office, than the one with which I am intrusted.

There are few subjects possessing more attractions for a thinking or speculative mind than literary history; not the mere cold and dry details of researches, which end in bringing some obsolete author into notice, but the collected records that lie scattered up and down the world, and which tell of the great changes and revolutions that have been taking place in the human character, from the beginning of time to the present hour; changes which, however many, may yet be traced to the operation of certain principles, and by the careful observation of which, we shall encounter no material difficulty, in forming just and philosophical notions on the subject of our speculations.

One great cause of much confusion on the subject of literature, in regard to its connection with external circumstances, and the influence they have on its improvement or de-

pression, is the mistake which so generally confounds the development of the human mind, the birth of thought, with the external forms and methods made use of to diffuse or perpetuate it. The human mind, in the very infancy of society, in states of being that admit not of any instituted inquiry after truth, or any preparation of the imagination for its flight, is, notwithstanding, full of life and activity; and, wherever traces of its operations can be discovered in after times, we generally admire the striking vigour of its conceptions. But, however magnificent may be the work of the human mind, when thus circumstanced, however lofty and glowing the imagination of man, when left to all the solemn and passionate impulses of his nature, or whatever sparkles of a glorious radiance it may at times throw forth, literature has not its beginnings till thought become confined to a particular medium of communication, and till they who exercise it, submit it to conventional modes of expression, to promote either the knowledge, the moral improvement, or the pleasure of mankind. In very early times, the external beauties of nature act directly on men's minds, and their memories are filled with bright and splendid combinations of whatever is most beautiful or grand. Their imaginations are quickened by a certain dread or veneration of unseen powers, with whose nature they are unacquainted; and by the mere impulses, if we may so speak, of their feelings thus wrought upon, they pour forth those wild songs for which the bards, or scalds, or minstrels of old, were renowned. But the very language itself of people in these early stages of society is of the same character, bold, wild, and figurative. Whatever specimens we possess of the oratory of barbarous nations show, that the first compositions among them were essentially imaginative, and that, whether their chieftains were holding parley with rival leaders, or their bards animating them to battle, they were inspired by the same wild and stern energy, the same overpowering sentiments or belief, which impelled them to carry on their desperate and strange contests. It is accordingly well known, that the poetry of very early days was, in a great measure, the extemporary effusion of the bard, and did not consequently, in any way, come under the idea of literature.

After these appeared the species of writers, who were, in fact, the chroniclers of the times; and the mere mention of their names and their works would show, how the wild character of poetry gradually became changed as civilization advanced.

The first branch, then, of what may properly be called the literature of a country, is history; crude, imperfect, and obscured by fable, but yet such a narrative of past and present facts as may suit the purpose, and gratify the national vanity, of the people to whom it is addressed. Differing from the popular poetry of the times, inasmuch as it pretends to be the result of knowledge and inquiry, as opposed to a superstitious fancy, and differing also from all those other species of human knowledge or speculation which belong to philosophy; it occupies that place, in the annals of literature, which describes the situation of the public intellect, when it first takes a conventional character, and literature is made an object of national concern. It is that which succeeds to the unbridled sport of the imagination, that which first employs a people's attention, when they begin

to feel what society is, or to have common desires and interests, which give rise to notions and sentiments, for which they are seeking mediums of expression. To this, I believe, is generally found to succeed, a passion for the narratives of travellers; not for narratives consisting merely of strange and fabulous relations, and which, an age or two before, were devoured with the most greedy credulity; but for those from which food may be gathered to satisfy the new and hungry spirit of enterprise, and which, if not the less valued because not altogether free from the strange and marvellous, are yet most generally circulated for the new views they open, and the splendid hopes they encourage, of successful daring. These branches of literature, however, are but the coarsest food by which the human mind can be nourished, and are only sufficient to satisfy its wants, in those periods of society, when the business of life is first begun, when little interest is taken in any thing but what tends to the supply of some want, or promises some new luxury, and when all men are engaged in action, and struggling, as it were, for a new existence. But poor as such species of composition are, when considered by themselves, and in respect to their real literary worth, they are the store-chests, out of which the succeeding age is to draw the materials of its richest and most valuable productions, the quarry out of which it is to dig the marble of its most beautiful and most enduring monuments. The mind of man is ever active, ever progressing towards the development of its higher faculties; the progress of society, therefore, can never stand still, while no foreign or overwhelming despotism oppresses it; the rude and unrefined species of literature I have mentioned, will continue to flourish, till science take their place, and the contemplation of nature, the investigation of her laws, the examination of her phenomena and magnificent mysteries, begin to engage their attention and inflame men's curiosity. When this is the case—when a people have been roused to look again on the things beyond them with wonder—when their minds can be interested in any thing that regards not the mere wants and interests of social life—when they can be taught, as a people, and in a new state of living, to look, with a deep and thrilling interest, upon the objects of their old veneration, and on existence itself, as depending on some secret principle of an awful and uncontrollable destiny,—then literature takes a bolder stride; the powers of the intellect are set more upon the stretch, the passions are more alive to the influences of the imagination, and that period of literary history commences, which is distinguished by the rapid increase and development of dramatic genius. There can be little doubt, that there is no branch of literature, whose flourishing condition more strongly defines a distinct period of literary history, than that of the drama. If it be considered in itself; if its nature, the objects it has in view, and the particular species of pleasure which its higher kinds aim at giving, be regarded,—it appears that a variety of circumstances are requisite to its successful cultivation, which are only to be found united in that state of society to which I have been alluding. But I must proceed to observe, that, as the arts of social life, the increase of wealth, the refinement of manners, the introduction of luxury, and its multiplied inventions, smooth down the rugged surfaces of society, or tame men's thoughts into a quiet acquiescence with the order that they see, and satisfy them with the externals and ordinary objects of existence,—then literature begins to flourish in those of its branches which appeal strongly neither to the more fervent of our passions, nor to the imagination in its higher moods; but address themselves to the fancy, to the mind in its calmer and slightly elevated state, to the heart in its mere general openness of affection and sympathy. This brings us to the period when literature begins to

be something of an art, when men of genius have to make, as it were, an effort to get back into the scenes of nature, or to observe her forms in their original loveliness; and when the great works, which any of them may produce, are not only superior by mere strength of mind, but altogether different from the current literature of the times by their elevation of tone, their freshness and vivacity, that breathe of the living fountains, that are shut up from the feeble spirits of the age. This is the period, too, when theoretical criticism begins to be studied as a science; when inquiries begin to be made as to the causes and principles of the pleasure that works of genius afford, and when men are rather disposed to this observation on their structure, than to free themselves from their impulses and control. While this is the case with respect to literary theory, it is the same also in a more important point of consideration. When men are disposed to consider the principles on which the power and beauty of an epic or a tragedy depend, they are led, by the same general circumstances of society and intellectual habits, to examine the principles on which the order of society itself depends, on what mysterious foundation the strange and wondrous fabric of humanity is supported,—by what rules we are to be guided through the labyrinth of existence, and what is the great end, and purpose, and consummation of that existence. It is from this point, from this period in the history of literature, it branches off into all those hundred streams which run, with more or less swiftness and strength, and which influence, in a greater or less degree, the moral atmosphere. It is from this point, opinions, tastes, and theories spring off in a thousand different directions and different forms; that poetry begins to be adorned with new ornaments, and pursued by new votaries; that history is written on principles that respect the different abstract opinions of mankind: that science and arts are cultivated with a view to the general harmony of every species of knowledge; and, in a word, that all the various faculties of our minds, all the powers and propensities of the human intellect, are roused into activity, and employed on objects fitted to engage its interest and attention in every degree of their intensity. I have thus run through the course which I believe literature to take in most countries; or, rather, I have endeavoured to mark out the great divisions of its history. It will, however, no doubt be understood, that an almost infinite variety of circumstances are continually affecting the state and progress of literature in a country, and that it is utterly impossible to lay down rules which shall precisely define the limits of, or determine the exact causes which have brought about, its different revolutions. But this leads us to a brief consideration of the causes which, have been influential in bringing about the present state of literature in our own country.

To those who have studied the history of mankind with any degree of attention, it must have been frequently a striking object of consideration, that the events of human existence, both in their causes and their effects, are connected with more than the present interests of mankind, and have a relation to other generations than the existing one. It must have frequently occurred to them, that the immediate effect of certain events is very often the least important of those that result from their occurrence; that the philosophy of a man will be very shallow, if he rests contented with viewing the character of his times in connection only with what he now sees and hears; that the politician and the moralist can form no theory but from principles which the voice of ages has taught; and that, if there be any use in history, it is in the connection it enables us to discover between the prosperity of one age and the prosperity of another,—between the causes which make one generation virtuous, and those which make another happy,—and in thus teaching us how one great principle of the world's existence

not only unites the different families of the earth together, not only keeps up a constant communication and interchange of interests, whatever seas or deserts may separate them; but how, also, it binds together ages and generations in the bonds of relationship and ancestry,—how it preserves the dependency of man on man unbroken by time, and extends the influence of circumstances over which the men of this generation have control, to the tastes and habits, the character, and situation, and destiny, of unborn ages. The effect of political events, or of those changes which are continually brought about as a nation proceeds from barbarism to the extreme of refinement, is of infinitely less consequence to the mere physical than to the moral condition of the people. Moral improvement or degradation is almost invariably the result of the same great moral causes, while the situation of a people, in regard to want or plenty, frequently depends on circumstances that may be speedily altered, or their influence overruled. It involves a subject, therefore, of much greater interest, to inquire what produced this or that state of morals or opinion, than any which the examinations of the political economist can embrace. It calls us to examine the principles on which the great social system is established, on which man is connected with his fellow man in the ties of sympathy, and by the operation of which that splendid variety of scenery and circumstance is produced, which characterises the mighty drama of human life. It helps us to remove the veil that is spread over the moral universe, to contemplate humanity in its springs and fountains, to balance the good and evil signs, and trace the fair and clouded spots of our horizon; and it teaches us to follow the windings of the great stream of public thought and opinion, from its source in individual interests and feelings, through its various channels, till it is lost in the stormy and unsettled sea of the world's interests and passions. Of this class is the inquiry before us, which, if fully entered into and pursued in the heights and depths of its philosophy, would employ our attention on some of the most interesting and important speculations that can exercise the human intellect; but our attention to the subject must be, at present, a very brief one.

It is a principle inherent in man, a law of our minds and of our being, to be for ever either acting or preparing for action, to be incessantly engaged either in present or anticipated employment. It hence results, that, in times of general languor, in periods when either the luxury of manners, or the oppressions of a government, have spread the torpor of a dead calm over the surface of society, that there will be, under this smooth and unbroken surface, a mixing together of fierce and fiery elements, a preparation of materials for the earthquake and the storm that convulse and break up kingdoms; and which, in their mighty and awful effects, show that the energies of our nature are never subdued and never slumber; that, if they have not their fair and just employments in the open fields of exertion, they will find them in the silent and obscure retreats, where the mind acts as if it were at forbidden work, maddens at its consciousness of control, and, waging war even with truth itself, when it would impose a law or justify a restraint, turns itself to the task of overthrowing systems, whatever their overthrow may involve, or with whatever of good and necessary they may be connected. In looking a little back on the history of Europe, we are forcibly reminded of the existence of this principle of the public mind that forbids its long inactivity,—a principle in which, however dangerous its perversions, are centered the very essences of whatever is noble and excellent in humanity, and one on which depends the freedom, the moral greatness, the elevation, and perfection of humanity itself. That during the eighteenth century, this stirring and powerful principle of social existence, was every day becoming stronger and stronger, it is scarce

necessary to say. The burden of the nation gathered, pressed, became, the consequence of the pervading, repressive, adverse, a moral within the energies will be searching to the core, sanguine situation, revolution, wise possible to remain torpid century forward far retarded, the latter been surprised universe, cycle of But, reading study of the derived and progressive world, it is the cause general some change were produced the strong active mind into retirement a tremendous to do with it, nor do the necessary guided the drain for me to England reported rootled theme on felt it a reason; novel or in the g was but deadly stricken kingdom to its most were sufficient contest, that were what was action of posed that and indifferent awakened. That the enlightened juice. Of the revolution has been ranks of men thought, news of the family, having individual thing that man had in dominion. But to this day

necessary to observe; that, under the load and burden of superstition and despotism, it was gathering food from the very corruption that oppressed it, and that as it developed itself, and became more universally diffused, the nations of the continent and our own country as well felt its pervading presence,—is known by the least attentive reader of modern history; and I need but allude to its pages to show, how true it is, that, whatever be the situation of a people either in a moral or political point of view, they contain within themselves those principles and natural energies which, in a good state of society, will be devoted to noble enterprise and a searching after truth,—in an evil and corrupt one, to the daring theory, the secret conspiracy, or the sanguinary contest. Looking, however, at the situation of European countries before the French revolution, it requires little political or speculative wisdom, to discover that it was utterly impossible for great masses of public intellect to remain much longer in the same state of torpid and inert indifference, or that another century could pass away without propelling them forward in some new career, or leaving the world far retrograded into intellectual barbarism. Had the latter been the case, it might have almost been supposed that no Providence governed the universe, or that its plans had failed, or that the cycle of the earth's destinies was completed. But, reasoning according to every rule which the study of human nature teaches, or which may be derived from observation on the general order and procedure of the Almighty Ruler of the world, it was to be supposed, that the very opposite of this falling back into darkness would be the case, and that, impossible as it was for the general interests of humanity to advance without some change in the state of society, events were preparing, which, being brought about by the strengthened but inflamed intellects of active men, would quicken the whole world of mind into life and motion, and convulse its most retired and obscurest corners with their new and tremendous influence. I have, of course, nothing to do with the political bearings of this subject, nor do the observations I am making render it necessary for me to speak of the principles which guided the actions of the men who figured in the drama of that eventful period. It is sufficient for me to observe, that every rank of men in England was aroused; principles were to be supported or controverted, establishments to be rooted up or defended; every individual had a theme on which it was his right to expatiate; all felt it a duty of their citizenship to inquire and reason; and, whether he was the inhabitant of a hovel or a palace, each man lifted up his hand in the great controversy of nations. But this was but the preparation of a closer and more deadly struggle. War, like a giant fury, hurled kingdom against kingdom, Europe was convulsed to its most ancient foundations, and men's minds were sufficiently occupied in watching the fearful contest, or in preparing for the consequences that were anticipated. After the struggle ceased, what was it to be expected would be the disposition of the public mind? Was it to be supposed that it would sink quietly back into calm and indifference, or that it would turn its newly awakened energies to some other and new object? That the latter has been the case, every real and enlightened friend of humanity has greatly to rejoice. Whatever else has been the consequence of the revolutions that have convulsed Europe, it has been one of glory and usefulness, that all ranks of men have been spurred into the use of thought, have been awakened into a consciousness of their connection with the great universal family, have been made to feel, in some respects, individual responsibility, and to weigh every thing that regards the public welfare, as if every man had his share in its dispensation and its guardianship. It is to this disposition of the public mind, to this unwonted activity of thought and inquiry,

that in one respect the present state of English literature is to be attributed, the new and better principles of public education beginning to gain ground, and, above all, the immense and unparalleled circulation to which periodical literature has arrived. But, while we have in this manner considered the causes which have thus awakened all the energies of men's minds, and endeavoured to view them in connection with the subject of our inquiry, it may be requisite to observe, that the spirit of the age is distinguished by other peculiarities as well as its activity, and by peculiarities which, in many respects, give a tone and colouring to the more serious, as well as to the floating, literature of the times. One of these characteristics is a tendency to materialism in philosophy, and even in the common exercise of thought; an apparent inclination among a large class of literary men in England, to seek the moral amelioration of mankind, by the pursuit or diffusion of the mere physical or mathematical sciences. Wherever a tendency of this kind exists in an undue proportion, it is sure to lower the standard both of public morals and public taste, to introduce maxims that refer all things to the rule and narrow measure of mere present utility to make the cold, base, and selfish philosophy of expediency the only philosophy of life, and thus freeze the very heart-blood of society, and reduce civilization to a calculated system, in which man is regarded but in his present capacities, and the great end and consummation of universal being is despised or forgotten.

Another trait in the public mind, and one in a great measure connected with the last, is a certain levity and impatience, which indispose it to pursue any of the higher objects of inquiry, or receive the more solid and nobler productions of intellectual exertion. If we look at the condition of the loftier branches of literature in England, we cannot help seeing how powerfully this principle operates to their harm. In moral philosophy, we have not a writer who dares venture on publishing a work, for fear of its falling still-born from the press; in theology, we have only a few sermon-writers, or party controversialists; in contemporaneous history, what details have we but such as are disgraced by even the most vulgar prejudices, and most narrow-minded misrepresentations? and in imaginative writing, in poetry and the drama, we find little in circulation, but such as might adorn the gay luxuriance and effeminacy of an eastern court. Another consequence, too, of this state of the general intellect is, that it is exposed to every attempt and experiment, the lowest and most bare-faced impostor chooses to make. No petty-fogging essayist, who has sufficient assurance for the experiment, and wit enough to make a title, but who has his day and his run; no low-minded collector of private anecdotes or slanderous reminiscences, but who is sure to see his book circulated through all well-regulated libraries, and at all well-arranged breakfast-tables; no daring and impudent speculator, no baited fortune-hunter, who laughs at public decency and morals, but who, by setting up a paper, and filling it with a due mixture of scurrility and ribaldry, will soon make his fortune, unless his scurrility grow dull, or another paper start more scurrilous than his own.

But I proceed to observe, that another characteristic of the public mind, at this period, is, strange as it may appear, its want of independence: not of independence, when roused upon some question of right; but of independence in literature,—in acting and judging with freedom when attempts are made to tamper with public taste, or to outwit the public of their reason. There never was a period, I believe, when, with all our spirit of activity and research, men were so completely under the power of names, or so ready to give up the right of private judgment; when such an undue importance was ascribed to the mere opinion and speculative

sentences of the public press; or when, in a word, such large masses of people, both in this city, and, more especially, in the provinces, willingly, and without a thought, gave up their understandings to the most specious reasoner, the most fearless antagonist of old theories, or, what is worst of all, to the best manufacturer of puffs.

But—I must here pause. I cannot, however, but say, in conclusion, I should earnestly rejoice, if, by any thing thus brought forward, some persons may be persuaded to reflect, that, as every branch of Periodical Literature depends on public encouragement alone, the public should inquire into the real claims and merits of the publications which invite their patronage; whether they are established on the principles of good taste, to which literature, in all its forms, is amenable; or, whether they are circulated, because there are no better, and read, only because it is fashionable to read them.

TEST AND CORPORATION ACTS.

1. *A Letter to the Right Honourable George Canning, on the Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts.* By John Bouring. 2. *A Letter to Sir Thomas D. Ackland, Bart., M. P. on the Repeal of the Sacramental Test, and on the Imposition of any new Test or Oath.* 8vo, London, 1828.

We look upon the late vote in the House of Commons, on the Test and Corporation Acts, as the most important Parliamentary triumph which the friends of English liberty have achieved since the Revolution. Nothing certainly could be more indefensible, upon grounds of reason and common sense, than the miserable absurdities which it was proposed to brush away from the system of our legislation; but this fact,—when taken along with that of the length of time, during which they had been suffered to remain untouched, and the uncompromising obstinacy with which the dominant faction in the state had, on all occasions, refused to permit the besom of reform to approach them,—only shows more strikingly the over-powering strength of that prejudice, bigotry, or other species of base and unworthy influence, by which they were protected, or, in other words, the extraordinarily formidable nature of the obstacles which had to be overcome, in accomplishing the task of their demolition. The case was so simple and so clear a one, that the contest could hardly be said to be one of argument at all—the argument, in truth, being all on one side of the question. When the advocates of the repeal, therefore, found themselves, even in these circumstances, so long without a glimpse of victory, they might well have resigned themselves to despair. The triumph for which they toiled could only be brought about by such a revolution of affairs as should actually strip their opponents of a considerable portion of that artificial and corrupt authority in which alone their might lay; and, looking to the matter in this light, we really cannot help regarding the recent decision as the most gratifying testimony which has been borne, by any of the events of our modern history, to the progress among us both of enlightened sentiment and political improvement.

Of the two pamphlets whose titles we have just transcribed, the first was published a short time before the death of the distinguished person to whom it is addressed, but is written with so much ability and eloquence, and has, besides, so direct a reference to the events of the day, that such of our readers, as have not already met with it, will thank us, we are sure, for introducing it, even thus late, to their acquaintance. Its excellent and talented author has been, we think, singularly happy in the tone and manner of address he has adopted on this occasion; nor can we conceive any thing better fitted, than his forcible and feeling appeal, to make an impression both upon the understandings and the hearts of his readers, and particularly to dissipate the unfortunate miscon-

ceptions which had taken possession of the mind of him for whom it was especially intended. The liberal and generous character of Mr. Canning's political creed, as to almost every other subject, must have compelled him at least to sympathise with the general spirit of this admirable letter, which is, in fact, the very same that animates many of his own most powerful pleadings in behalf of the Catholics. Better informed, too, as he would have certainly become, by the formal agitation of the subject, in regard to the real tendency and effect of the existing law, we are, we confess, disposed to believe, that he would not, if he had lived, have been deterred, (by the recollection of his hasty and incautious committal of himself, in a moment of heat and irritation, to the intolerant and imbecile side of the question,) from afterwards adopting and avowing opinions, both sounder in themselves, and so indisputably more consistent with the prevailing character and temper of his politics. We really cannot imagine him taking part in the late discussion, and degrading himself by the imitation of any thing so utterly beneath contempt, as either the laborious special pleading of Mr. Peel, or the still more ludicrous and unintelligible quibbles of Mr. Huskisson.

Mr. Canning's argument, as to the insignificant amount of the annoyance occasioned by the Test and Corporation Acts, is met and combated by Mr. Bowring very powerfully in the following passages:

" If it be granted for a moment that the grievances of the Dissenters are imaginary, and that the Indemnity Bills do indeed shelter them from the menaces of the Corporation and Test Acts,—then, Sir, the protection which these Acts give to the Establishment is imaginary too ; and no justification can be found for retaining an instrument of annoyance—unavailing, at all events, if you will not allow it to be mischievous. If the abominable Acts, of which we complain, cannot be used to persecute us, neither can they be employed to secure you. If they mean nothing ;—if they avail you nothing ;—if they are the mere skeleton of bigotry, without its vital power,—to what purpose are they retained ? If harmless against us, to you they must be useless. They only represent an imbecile malevolence : they belong to that huge mass of barbarous legislation, for which no better excuse is to be found, than that it was the hasty work of ignorance or evil passion. If the principle they recognise be sound, why are they not enforced ? if unsound, why are they not abolished ? You say, the sword cannot fall.—Why, then, suspend it over our heads ?

" But in truth, Sir, it is not for you,—it is for us to judge whether these laws are or are not a grievance. It is we, not you, who can estimate the burthen they lay upon our consciences, and describe the manner in which they disturb our repose. If ever your head throb with pain and your heart with anxiety, will you listen to him who assures you that all is well ? While we feel the burning brand upon our foreheads, it is idle to tell us that we ought not to blush. While the fetters are on our limbs, it is in vain to flatter us with the delusive language of freedom. Can there be better evidence of an intolerant purpose, than that you should cling to these obnoxious enactments, though you venture not to advocate their utility, and still less to visit us with their penalties ?

" The unauthorized peace,—the illegal toleration we enjoy,—is creditable neither to us nor you. If it is fit that we should be visited with the punishments which these unchristian statutes are meant to inflict,—in the name of honesty let us be so visited : we know the worst, and will prepare ourselves for it : but the irritations of doubt and uncertainty are intolerable. A shadowy hand is shaken in our faces, which ever threatens, yet hesitates to strike. We do not invite persecution, but we wish for consistency. The temper of the times, no doubt, far more than the Bills of Indemnity, has made these penal enactments nugatory. We know that those who support, *dare* not apply, them. We are safe, not in the protection of law, (which insults and alienates us,) but in the protection of public opinion. It will not be outraged by open persecution. We feel, Sir, and you must feel, that the application of the Acts in question would shake society to its centre : it would disorganise our armies and navies ; it would break up all the machinery by which the revenue is collected ; it would vitiate contracts ; it would disturb property ; it would fill England with alarm and terror ; it would

reach some of the highest, and spread widely over the lowest, places of public trust. You cannot, Sir, look upon this state of things with complacency. Our respect, Sir, for the laws must be weakened ; the confidence, the affection which a good government should seek to establish in the minds of the public, must inevitably be intruded on by the existence, not to say the operation, of harsh and unjust restrictions upon the honest thoughts and opinions of a large proportion of that public. In our case, Sir, an evil is inflicted, which produces no adequate good. The time is long gone by, in which, if you could not convert us to conformity, you could compel its profession, or, at allects, restrain the public profession of nonconformity. These Acts are become the mere thunderings of a harmless intolerance, and are evidence of malignity, but happily not of power. The substance of persecution is departed from you,—why would you retain its shadows. The efficiency of a law may be made an excuse for its continuance ; but the Corporation and Test Acts are as vain as they are vile, and it would be as difficult to call them persecuting spirit into general operation, as to burn a heretic under the common law."

We regret that we can only afford to give another, and a very short paragraph from this interesting letter. The following is the manner in which Mr. Bowring concludes his address :

" You will admit an excuse, Sir, for the freedom of this letter. Independently of the strong interest I have always felt in the general cause of human happiness, of the intense desire to be spared the shame which has often come over me, when (in other countries especially) the intolerant spirit of much of our legislation has been the subject-matter of discussion,—in this question I am peculiarly concerned. My origin, Sir, is from the old Dissenting stem ; for many generations the blood of Nonconformity has flowed in the veins of my ancestors. Long before dissent had any legal protection, they worshipped, and taught their children to " worship the God of their fathers, in the way that you call heresy." My grandfather's great grandfather was one of the first individuals who was sheltered by the Toleration Act of William and Mary ; and I remember when boy, that the ragged license, which enabled him to celebrate divine service in his own dwelling, seemed more honourable to me than a patent of nobility. As favoured, too, by the call of my Dissenting brethren, to be one of that Committee to which they have intrusted the prosecution of their claims, I must be wanting in nothing which appears to me likely to advance them. I hope these claims will now be unweariedly, uncompromisingly persevered in. There are some, I repeat, who will never again consent to delay, far less to abandon them."

The letter to Sir Thomas Acland, treats the subject of the Test and Corporation Acts in a more methodical manner than it was Mr. Bowring's purpose to do, and is also a very able and vigorously reasoned discourse. The greater part of the pamphlet is occupied by the discussion of a question, at the present moment, of peculiar interest and importance,—the expediency and justice we mean, of imposing any other species of Test upon the Dissenters, in the room of that which it is proposed to abolish, by way of security for the established Church. Upon this point we hold it, for our own parts, impossible that any doubt can exist in the mind of any man capable of reasoning on moral or political subjects, if he will but consult his reason, and not his prejudices. The security which is demanded must be either a promise, (accompanied, if you will, by the sanction of an oath,) by which the individual shall bind himself to a particular line of conduct in future, or a declaration of his assent to certain dogmas, a belief in which is deemed to be necessary for all persons holding any of the appointments to which the Act is intended to apply. Now, we pass over all the objections that might be urged against the adoption of either of these expedients, on the principle of the exceedingly little connection that exists between a man's conduct in real life, and his attachment to any of those speculative tenets, on the subject of religion, which the Church would probably desire to select on this occasion, as the criterion of his eligibility to office. The plans proposed are objectionable, we contend, on other and still clearer grounds. The oath, or declaration in question, if taken at all, must be taken,

it is evident, either by the man whose conscientious sentiments it expresses, or by the man to whose conscientious sentiments it is opposed. In the first case, it binds him from whom it is exacted, to nothing beyond what he would have been bound to at any rate ; in the latter, it has evidently no power whatever. I am asked, for example, before being permitted to accept a commission from the Crown, to declare my belief in the indissoluble union of Church and State, or to promise, upon my oath, that I shall not exert myself to injure, in any way, the Church Establishment. Either I do hold the article of political faith submitted to me, and consider it my duty to act in the manner to which I am required to pledge myself ; or I do not. If I do, I will not scruple, to be sure, to take your oath or declaration ; but it is a mere formality, which imposes no obligation upon me to which I did not previously hold myself equally subject. If I do not, I will either act honestly, and refuse the Test, (for which I shall be punished by an exclusion from office, only justifiable upon the ground, not assumed, in the present day, by any reasoner, that no man, conscientiously unfriendly to our present Church Establishment, can be safely intrusted with political power,) or I will act dishonestly, and profess sentiments which I do not entertain, for which the law will reward me with its protection and its favours, although my profligate hypocrisy has only deluded it with a mockery of submission, obviously as worthless as if the ceremony had been merely gone through in jest.

The pamphlet before us argues this question with very considerable ability, and by the aid of a variety of considerations, to which we have not at present room or time to advert. We recommend it very earnestly to the attention of all who take any interest in the important subject to which it refers, and especially of those members of the Legislature, who, favourable as they are to the amendment of the existing law, still seem afraid to concede to the Dissenter, that perfect freedom and equality with his fellow-subjects, which, we trust and believe, he never will forego in his hope, nor relax his efforts, to obtain.

We can afford room only for one short quotation :

" If the intention be to keep the conscientious Dissenter out of office, (except as he can gain admission by the old process of Indemnity Acts,) it is very easy to frame such a test as will answer that purpose. This would hardly be consonant with the avowed object of the measure before Parliament ; but no one can sit down to the task of framing any thing which points to real practical purposes, and, at the same time, leaves an unfettered exercise of judgment and opinion, without soon discovering the difficulty of his undertaking.

" But it may be said, that the Dissenter can at least have no objection to a disavowal of hostility to the Church. Here too you would find great difficulty in so shaping the proposition as to answer any practical purpose, and yet to meet the peculiar case of the Dissenter ; while you are throwing on him the odium of refusing what you and many others may think a reasonable request, and one which, you are aware, is in fact consonant, and likely to remain so, with his own actual practice. The person who sits down to frame any obligation must know that the Dissenter's opinion and principle are unfavourable, (hostile is only another word, though a harsher, for the same idea,) to a church establishment. It is for that very reason that he is a dissenter. He conceives (whether rightly or wrongly) that establishments are no part of the Christian scheme, and that more evil than good has arisen from civil patronage of religion, independently of the injustice which he thinks is often practically worked by them upon individuals. He has always avowed this opinion, and he will continue to do so. But he contends, with many of the greatest churchmen, statesmen, and philosophers, who have ever lived, that his difference of opinion on this head is no ground for exclusion from civil trust ; and it is obvious, that, if such exclusion is at all a necessary part of an establishment, the Dissenter's argument against such institutions is greatly strengthened. Were I arguing in support of establishments, I should be anxious to disprove this objection to them ; and to show, as may easily be done, that, though such exclusion had often been practised, it was

an abuse, and that patronage was quite sufficient support. The decision of the House of Commons, to repeal the Sacramental Test, must certainly be taken as a concession, that the dissenter's opinion does not unfit him for civil trust; but if you would require him first to disavow his contrariety or hostility of opinion, you, in other words, require him to cease to be a Dissenter. We may make a play of words; but the fact is, that if a dissenter is to be eligible to office, he will take it as a Dissenter,—if he be an honest man. You know him for what he is, and your oaths or declarations will not convert him. You do not profess to wish to do so; and how would his moral character be raised, or his trustworthiness increased, if he were base enough to disguise his thoughts under an evasive or double-sensed form of words?

FEMALE REMINISCENCES.

Memoirs of a Contemporary, or Reminiscences of a Female respecting the principal Characters of the Republic, the Consulate, and the Imperial Government of France.

Vol. 2. Saunders and Ottley. London, 1828.

(Concluded from page 230.)

HOSTILITIES were now about to re-commence in Italy, and the republican troops that were defeated under the command of the ignorant Scherer, were destined shortly to recover their glory, and acquire new laurels, by beating the Austrians and the Russians, and passing the Sezia, in spite of the superior force that Suvaroff opposed to their progress.

Our 'Contemporaine' would have been happy to share in the triumphs of the French armies, but the orders of the Directory to Moreau, enjoining him to dismiss all the females, were peremptory, and in spite of the expostulations of our heroine, that General yielded implicitly to the wishes of the Directors. She quitted Milan on the 26th of April, 1799, and in every direction that she travelled, the title of wife of General Moreau procured for her uniform politeness and attention. 'I was much affected,' says she, 'with the respect and consideration, that were paid me, and I attributed it, with due gratitude, to the man whose name alone commanded the general esteem of Europe;' but this consideration did not prevent her from speedily forgetting the numerous and important obligations which she owed to that estimable man.

When she arrived at Paris, she paid an early visit to the Théâtre Français, where the performance of the evening was the 'Epicharis and Neron' of Legouvé. She was attended only by her maid, who, during the representation, afforded a fresh proof of the delicate taste and refined sensibility of Italian females.

'At the representation of this piece, I experienced a degree of pleasure which I did not expect, by witnessing the impression which the talents of a great actor made on a young and tender mind, like that of Ursula, whose attention was absorbed in admiration. Nature had gifted her with a surprising degree of sagacity; but no education had been bestowed to improve her early talents. She could scarcely speak French, and as such, it seemed probable that a French tragedy would exhaust her patience. I even attempted to reconcile her to her indifference, until Talma appeared on the scene. At the sight of his fine and expressive tragic countenance, and on hearing the accents of his deep and penetrating voice, she grasped my hand, and uttered an exclamation of involuntary applause. She repeated, with a truly Italian expression, these words: "Sentir quel genio e non godere, che sarei dunque."

It was during this residence at Paris, that Madame de St. Elme made an acquaintance with Madam Tallien, one of the most beautiful women at that period, and, adds the 'Contemporaine,' one of the most benevolent and generous. The influence she had acquired over Barras, enabled her to do good services of every description; and these services she rendered in the most noble and disinterested manner. At Paris also, our heroine met again with Monti, who apologised to her for the liberty he had taken in paying her a visit, by saying to her, in a high poetic style, 'that he was unable to resist the desire he felt to revisit the bella stella del Tosco cielo.' It was there also, she became acquainted with the republican Oudet

the intrepid chieftain of the sect of Philadelphia, whom Napoleon had basely caused to be stabbed in the midst of the field of battle. There also, she became the friend of Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, 'who gave her lessons in declamation, and made her repeat verses with pebbles in her mouth, after the example of Demosthenes.' In that city she was also presented to Lucien Buonaparte, 'a man of talents, but of a haughty and repulsive aspect, even when he felt a desire to please.' She there, also, was received into the good graces of M. De Talleyrand, as will be evident from the following extracts:

'In the exterior of M. de Talleyrand, there are few visible traces of his original character and profession, except what strikes us in his *coiffure*, or head-dress; and he reminds us of the Church and the *ancien régime*, only as far as he is well-powdered and polite. But, even to those that knew him to have been a Bishop, there adheres a complete incredulity on the score of his religious virtues. On that head, however, he should pass uncriticised by me, nor is it a question that I should attempt duly to appreciate. Neither do the external advantages of his person appear in a better light; but his disadvantages he artfully contrives to throw into the shade, while he gives a due prominence and strong relief to his solid and substantial qualities. In this point, he acts like persons of address and dexterity, who carefully, but unaffectedly, veil their imperfections under a modest display of their useful and agreeable qualifications. Besides, a peculiar expression of countenance is known to set off even ugliness itself; and it is still more effective, when added to delicate and graceful features. Like Ulysses, in the Iliad, he appears to more advantage when he is seated, than when he is upright, in which latter position, there is a drawback on his character: but in an agreeable *tête-à-tête* conversation, M. De Talleyrand is without a rival. He is, indeed, a character fit only to be contemplated in a chair.'

'The great secret of the superiority of this celebrated Statesman, who has acquired such an amazing influence in modern negotiation and diplomacy, arises, in a great measure, from the apparent ease, and even graceful negligence, which he introduces into his management of grand transactions, and from the attention, and even importance, with which he listens to the suggestions of others, with the easy affability of private life. Other men may make more display, and appear more brilliant in conversation, but none can equal him in the management of his silence and reserve. When, in the course of converse, any thing slips from him, he still reserves something behind which has a charm latent like itself. He gives to an epigram an air of mystery, and his negligent familiar air, which leaves him quite at his ease, captivating to such a degree, that the hearer thinks himself complimented with confidence, and imagines himself bound to secrecy by a mysterious tie.'

'Whenever I had an opportunity of visiting this renowned Minister, and very agreeable man,—this Abbé of the old Court, and secret dictator of the diplomacy of the Republic,—I tortured my brain, and ransacked my scanty portion of erudition, to find a parallel for him in ancient or in modern times. But my researches were vain, my combinations of character were unsuitable, and my parallels without analogy or resemblance. Yet I thought I could discern in him a mixture of the firmness and decision of Richelieu, with the subtlety of Cardinal Mazarin, in extricating himself from a difficulty; and the restless and factious facility of Cardinal De Retz, combined with the magnificent gallantry of Cardinal De Rohan, whose political insignificance was, by a series of notorious adventures, elevated into a degree of importance and dignity. M. De Talleyrand, who, from his first appointment, inspired more admiration than confidence, has always seemed to me to gain considerably, by that hesitation which appeared to regulate his diplomatic movements. He spoke little, and with a species of indolence and indifference, which, by his hearers, was construed into profound secrecy. Their ingenuity was therefore set to work to penetrate into the arcana of this assumed mystery, this reserve that never advanced, and not being able to unravel the mazes of the labyrinth, they were puzzled into frankness, and betrayed into simplicity.'

'Even in the midst of ordinary conversation, M. De Talleyrand keeps up the consistency of his character, but he subdues it with a considerable share of elegance and grace. To me, who did not venture to meddle with politics, and did not pretend to estimate the greatness

of his talents, he appeared to be a superior man, who could so far forget his pre-eminence, as to wish to render himself agreeable in his moments of social relaxation.

'It is possible, also, that the regard, which he seemed to pay to my own capacity, magnified his own pretensions in my imagination. But, even in the multiplicity of his own avocations and transactions, my stay was usually protracted beyond two hours. My hair, in particular, seemed to occupy a great share of M. De Talleyrand's attention; and, on one particular day, it employed him in a manner rather ludicrous and strange. His fingers got so entangled in my flaxen ringlets, and disordered them so effectually, that some very extraordinary efforts were adopted to replace them in their proper position. That hand, which had signed treaties of peace for France, was now employed to pacify my locks, and to purchase peace, as from a superior power, whose vengeance it was necessary to deprecate. This renowned minister accomplished, by detaching my ringlets one by one, twisting them up in very fine and delicate paper, and arranging them very carefully under my hat, requesting, at the same time, that I would keep them in that state till I returned home, when I should find my head-dress not quite so beautiful as it was, previous to his derangement of my locks. I carried my patience as far as he pushed his gallantry, and perceiving that he made use of bank notes of 1000 francs, in the guise of papillotes, for this very amiable purpose, I disengaged my locks, and, holding them before him, exclaimed: "Please your Excellency here are more of them, at your service."

It was during this same residence at Paris that our faithful 'Contemporaine,' listening to the dictates of her evil genius, a certain D. L.; and having betrayed Moreau for Ney, whose name and heroic exploits alone were known to her, and in the career of her dissipation having acquired a taste for theatrical performances in the society of the great actors of that period, she applied to the study of declamation, and ventured on a debut at the Théâtre Français.

'My trial now approached, and a fatal quarter of an hour was to decide my destiny. On the preceding evening, I had requested my friends not to come to my box before the commencement of the piece, but Regnault and Jouffre paid no attention to my request. They were struck with delight at my costume—tunic, scarf, quiver, and diadem, were all minutely correct and elegant, with a wonderful degree of classical etiquette. They complimented me so earnestly, that my vanity being set at ease about success, I counted without terror the three signals for the raising of the curtain, and crossed the Green-room between a row of eager and inquisitive spectators, in order to be punctually on the spot. I answered not a word to the thousand remarks that were made around me, but none of them escaped my attention. But when Lafon came to the last three or four lines that preceded my appearance on the scene, I thought I felt the ground sink under my feet.'

'I came forth at last upon the stage, when a triple round of applause hailed my entrée; but far from encouraging, it struck me dumb with apprehension. I said within myself, so much for the costume, and so much for the indulgence assigned to beginners—now for the delivery and the action. I commenced my reply to Jorbas, with a monotonous and low pronunciation, which was rendered still less effective, when contrasted with the sonorous declamation of Lafon. This scene appeared to me excessively long and tedious. Although the part of Aeneas is rather pafty and pitiful, yet Danus threw such feeling and energy into it, that he electrified me in his turn; and in the scene with him, I thrice drew down an unanimous peal of applause. One emotion proceeded after another,—and my heart beat in such a manner, as nearly to burst from my bosom. The overwhelming thought that depressed my efforts, was the consciousness of the rash and imprudent step that I had taken; and this painful sensation was increased by the hisses that greeted me in the scene with Mademoiselle Luire, my confidante. I pronounced my own condemnation on the score of monotony and want of due feeling in the part. At last I roused myself to a proper degree of resentment against the indignities, which, in my own estimation, I experienced; and an energy, bordering on despair, enabled me to recover what I had lost, in my performance in the concluding scenes. A circumstance that appeared miraculous to me, was that my head, although distracted with a conflict of various sensations, never caused me to err even in the delivery of a single syllable; and I

could learn the secret of exciting applause in the following terrible imprecation :

' Non, tu n'es point le sang des héros, ni des dieux.'

My fiery trial was now approaching to its crisis, when a new accident disordered my imagination, and added fresh terrors to my confusion. At the moment when I raised the dagger to pierce myself in the dramatic style, the countenance of Oudet struck me in the orchestra, and this sight had such an effect, that I was supposed to die with wonderful truth and nature; for I fell into a real swoon in the arms of the poor Eliza, whose frame, being more delicate than my own, would have sunk under the burthen, if the prompt and decisive falling of the curtain had not brought relief to us both. I was carried into my box, and learned from Adelaide, that the spectators seemed to take the greatest interest in my fate. " Oh ! Madam," cried she, " it is all the effect of a horrid cabal." " Perhaps so," replied I, " but the truth is, that I have performed ill." " M. Regnault does not say so; he has been much distressed, and did not wish the piece to be concluded." " A very good come off ! With all the ignominy attending a failure, I am to endure the penalties annexed to a disappointment of the public."

During this short but pithy dialogue, the widow of Sieur was gradually disrobed, and every ornament of dress, that was removed from my person, brought to my mind the dismal reflection of my unsuccessful debut. But, at the same time, I must acknowledge, that my wounded vanity suffered less from these inflictions, than my frightened imagination was disordered at the appearance of Oudet, at the representation; that man who seemed, by a frightful and inevitable fatality, to cling to my destiny, and, like an ill-omened spectre, to haunt me through life.

This unfortunate attempt of Madame de St. Elme at the Théâtre Français, disadvantageous as it proved to her, had one good effect, as far as it had excited the attention, and made a favourable impression, on the managers of some of the provincial theatres. She closed with their proposals, and accordingly repaired with them to Marseilles, where she received some applause, as also at Draguignan and Digne. When, after these excursions, she returned to Paris, she had her first interview with the intrepid Ney.

If Ney had been a man of an ordinary stamp, his countenance would have been pronounced disagreeable and ill-favoured. But his portly appearance, his attitude and glance, which announced the real man, dispelled the illusion, and the recollection of his glory threw the charm of beauty over his countenance. We had only exchanged a few words, when we began to chat together, with all the familiarity of a twenty years' friendship. With what a noble frankness and openness of heart did he question me respecting the care of my future destiny! I replied to him, " Do not give yourself any concern on that head; to know that your noble heart interests itself in my favour, that constitutes my destiny." We then traversed together the purloins of my charming retreat, and he was delighted with every thing. " It is Moreau," said he, " that has complimented you with this possession." " This house is not my own; I only hire it furnished." " But the expense will ruin you, if Moreau does not reimburse." " I have refused every thing from him." " He has acted wrong, as well as yourself." " I have behaved towards Moreau in such manner, that the recollection of his bounty is painful to my feelings." " But that idea is quite romantic, my dear friend. Moreau was acquainted with your family; he gave you his name, and was obliged to provide for you; but you possess talents and merit and wish to owe every thing to yourself alone!" " Do not render me uneasy by the tedious anticipation of futurity." " You interest me so much, that I must take care of you myself, and save you the trouble of uneasiness." " Do I really interest you,—that word alone is sufficient for me. But what a multitude of important duties must separate us! Let the present day leave me in possession of my illusions; and if this day is to be my destiny, do not sadden it by such reflections." These expressions escaped from my heart, and his glance now recalled to me the secret of his soul—that he was now happy. He comprehended the full extent of my words, while I, becoming proud of all this glory and affection, conceived myself to be a queen. As Ney possessed too much frankness and sincerity to hesitate between promise and performance, he gave me fully to understand the intentions of Napoleon, who wished to unite him to a young and beautiful lady, the friend of Hortense. I admired the extent of his strict and honourable pro-

bity, and felt a pleasure in hearing him speak of that union, which, by a sacred tie, seemed doomed to separate him from myself. " But," said I, " if you embrace this union, you will give up the profession of arms." " Never! I hope to be the last on the field of battle; but you will scarcely believe it, it is Napoleon himself that is so solicitous about marriage." " Perhaps he is in the right; but what man does not change a little, with a family and children? But in the high rank at which you have arrived, you may have a wife with you?" " It would indicate a want of feeling in me thus to expose her to the perils and hardships of war. We are all soldiers; and when Napoleon raised us to this rank, his intention was to increase our dangers and fatigues. Even at reviews, we do not appear in carriages; and on the field of battle, our wives would be but miserably accommodated." " Alas! if I had a right to that title, I would cheerfully follow you to the midst of hardships and glory; and even the fatigues attendant on such excursions would operate as my reward."

Ney was not a man to parley with his duty, and, I may venture to say, that without this conversation he would have been less dear to me. On this occasion, his duty was a pleasure to him, and his destined wife was in every respect worthy of his choice. After the confession of his future alliance, I wished not to give him a bad opinion of my character, by asking him to come again. But how happy he made me by saying, " I am still free, but you will not see me to-morrow. At what hour are you at home?" " At every hour—I remain at Paris only for you; I have chosen this retreat only to see you at it. I will quit it; I will quit Paris, and even France, when I can no longer receive you in it without guilt."

" You are a dangerous woman." " So shall I always be to you. I foresaw that our destinies cannot be united, but I prefer your glory to my own happiness. When I lose you, to love alone is not a crime, and that even will be sufficient for my happiness." " But how have I been able to inspire you with sentiments bordering so closely on enthusiasm?" " Since your name was pronounced in my presence by the witnesses of your valour, and the companions of your glory." He then pressed me to his heart with every emotion of tenderness and with this exclamation: " I swear an eternal friendship to you as a brother." We then continued some time in a silence of deep and pleasing reflexion, and in a sentiment of admiration nearly equal on both sides. O glory, thou art not a chimera! since thou bestowest such elevation of sentiment, and givest reality to the perfection of love!"

While she was the mistress of Moreau, our " Contemporaine" professed republican principles; but when she passed under the protection of Ney, and became an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, she reconciled herself to the principles of Imperial monarchy. These latter opinions she embraced, after she was favoured with a private audience of the Emperor, when they both sojourned at Milan. With spirit of restlessness and activity, she passed from the capital of Lombardy to the plains of Eylau, was present at the sanguinary battle at that place; and having received the cut of a sabre over her left eye, which covered her face with blood, she was delighted to hear Ney exclaim, a few days after: " We are now true comrades in arms; that deserves the Cross!" She afterwards returned to Paris, and was cured of her wound, which was more serious than was at first imagined. She then set out for Genoa, and traversed the Apennines; she also visited Turin, and the court of Prince Borghese and the Princess Paulina, with whom she participated in her great partiality for waltzing; ' because,' says she, ' that dance produces a kind of intimacy at a ball, in which coquetry may extend its limits, and reserve transgress its bounds.' She found that lady to be too beautiful for a princess. While at the theatre, she formed an acquaintance with the chamberlain of the Prince, who requested ' permission to view her beautiful locks in another place besides the theatre'; and told her the following narrative of the exploits of a leader of banditti, who, having been accidentally at the table of a restaurateur at Turin, and wearied with being the object of the inquiries of one of the company, came up to him, and, instead of being angry, and challenging him, made him a narrative of his life. His recital gives a clear idea of the manners and

hardihood of a class very numerous in Italy; and, as, by a strange eccentricity of the human mind such a degree of interest is uniformly attached to such things as borders on a feeling of pleasure, and we listen to the account of a painful and distressing adventure with a species of wonder and admiration, the history of this robber, will, we flatter ourselves, not be destitute of entertainment for readers:

" I belong, Sir, to one of the most ancient and respectable families in Milan. I am styled the Comte de Vivalda. I have spent my fortune, but regret not the loss of it, since I enjoyed the pleasures of life. Travelling is my hobby-horse; and in the space of two hours I could vanish from Turin, perhaps even from Piedmont. I do not request your secrecy, because I am sure of it, or rather, because I can guarantee it for myself. I am now going to rejoin my honourable society, as I am bound to furnish them with a report on the diplomatic mission with which they have entrusted me; for you must know that I have the honour of commanding a troop of brave men of Narzali, in conjunction with the intrepid Meino, a troop that is not in high favour with your emperor, and especially with his gendarmerie, but which equally laughs at both. Here, Sir, as a proof of my power, behold this ring; take it, and, under its protection, you will travel with more security than with an armed escort, as it is the best passport for every part of Italy." At these words, my friend began to betray some emotion in his countenance. " But," continued the noble Comte, " be calm, my good sir, I am here only in the capacity of an amateur, and nothing but the most vulgar prejudices can inspire you with a bad opinion of myself and my friends. There is honour among thieves. Every profession of life, conducted with propriety, becomes honourable; and if you could have a clear insight into the miseries of society, the secret crimes, the treacheries of every description, the base perversions of friendship, the meannesses of power, the endless corruptions in public and private affairs, both in doors and out, then, sir, you would acknowledge, that, if the confessions of dying men could well be divulged, the contrast would prove that real virtue is to be found on the high roads. It is there we meet with intrepidity and generosity, the virtues of the genuine brigand. Now, to give you an instance: When General Moreau lately commanded a military division in our vicinity, he wished to interfere with our concerns, and consequently sent his men to pursue us in our retreats. But Meino and myself lost no time. We assumed the garb of general officers; and, having very good connections in the city, we contrived to get possession of the parole of the garrison before midnight. A few minutes after, we presented ourselves before the Governor, under cloak of superior military orders, and requested a private conference with him. We then threw off all disguise, and, assuming our real characters, we thus addressed the astonished general: ' You wished, sir, to have our heads, but we are now the masters of yours; you wish to lock us up, but yourselves are now our prisoner. Nevertheless, we wish not to do harm to any body; and we only require one thing of you, that is, not to pursue us with so much rancour and violence. By this means you will prevent a second visit, which might prove a little harsher than the present.' After this short but pithy dialogue, we regained, in complete safety, our mountainous recesses."

" Another example, my dear sir: Madame Meino, the wife of one of our band, was carried off from under our protection, having fallen in with a party of the gens d'armes, who conducted her to Alexandria. Meino again presented himself before the Governor of the citadel, and, on this occasion, in the uniform of the gendarmerie, with a colonel's epaulettes, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour suspended from his breast. We hold in high estimation the insignia of this order. Meino allowed an interval of three days for the liberation of his wife, and she was restored to him on the second day. This was a very prudent act on the part of the Governor; for otherwise, within twenty-four days, General Despinois would have met his doom. I stayed behind myself at Alexandria, to make him redeem his pledge of honour; and then, after this temporary truce, to resume the operations of war."

" Thus, you see, we shudder at the idea of bloodshed, nor do we ever have recourse to that excess, except in cases of extreme necessity. The ladies, indeed, meet with good treatment at our hands; we never carry them off by force; we only strip them of their valuables, and leave them their honour untouched. We keep no libertines nor traitors in our honourable corps. Those among us who are devoted to the charms of love, are in possession of legitimate wives, who have

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performed the nuptial ceremony. Our operations are directed by a regular system, a species of code, of which the following are the chief heads: We know the amount of the fortunes of the proprietors nearly within a fraction; we have a list of the most wealthy among them, and we occasionally carry off three or four of them, according to their turn on the roll. We lodge them in places of safety, and do them the honours of our table; wine, coffee, liqueurs, and an excellent ordinary, are provided for them. Our prisoners are afterwards at liberty to depart when they wish—that is, when their ransom is paid. But we are no Jews in this instance, for we allow them time. They take up themselves the bills when they are due. They write to their families; and, what is more, we save them the expense of postage, as we convey the letters ourselves. Accordingly, when the reciprocal stipulations are faithfully and religiously observed, that is, when we have touched the money, our prisoners are conveyed, with bandages over their eyes, on horseback, to a short distance from their own residence. At the same time, we give them to understand, that any complaint, on their part, to the existing authorities would be the signal for their death. But when once they have paid, the remainder of their lives is left unmolested. More honest in our proceedings than the regular Governments, we only attack the same person once, and can assure you we enjoy the esteem of those respectable persons who have had concern with us."

"Such, Madam, is the conclusion of Comte Vivaldi's narrative; but his history does not close there. Meino and his comrades have lately been pursued with uncommon alacrity and perseverance. Several of the poor gens d'armes perished in these rencontres; but at last the troop was subdued. Having entrenched themselves in a farm-house, fire was set to the building, and they were overpowered by dint of numbers. The criminal Court of Turin condemned them all to death, and their sentence was put into execution without any exception. It was a spectacle witnessed by the whole city. The birth and personal beauty of many of the culprits excited the general curiosity to witness the spectacle of their execution. There was not one of them free from wounds; their courage, and their surprising adventures, furnished a train of topics for conversation, which, as you see, is not exhausted yet."

We shall continue our analysis of these Mémoirs, (in which a little scandal is mingled with a great variety of curious anecdotes, and interesting descriptions,) as soon as the third volume is published, or when we shall have received from Paris the last livraison of the latest French publication. We shall behold in it our 'Contemporaine' formally installed at the Ducal Court of Florence, and assuming at once the employment of actress, female reader, and confidante of the Princess Eliza; that royal spouse of the old Adjutant Bacciochi, and the favourite sister of Napoleon.

MEMOIRS OF A PLANTER.

Marly; or a Planter's Life in Jamaica. 8vo. pp. 364. Griffin, Glasgow, 1828.

WHETHER we ought or not to place any confidence in the authenticity of the more important parts of this singular publication we know not, but it is very evidently the production of a man; whatever might be his actual situation, well acquainted with West Indian matters, and the routine of Negro management. There is an occasional coarseness, in the style and manner of the work, which goes far, indeed, to make us believe that he really belonged to the fraternity with whom he claims connection? But let him have been planter or book-keeper, a young man of fortune and a scholar, as he represents himself, or none of these, there is enough of vigour and humour in his book to prove he was not unqualified for the task he undertook. The class of readers, which the work will generally find, will be little pleased, we imagine, with the love story with which the more characteristic matter is mixed up. The private history, however, of the author, if such it be, is well told, and made to illustrate, in its details, a great many curious circumstances of colonial manners. Some passages in it are written with considerable power, and with a sort of Smollett-like touch, which renders them highly amusing. But, as the interest of the work depends on the close

view it enables us to take of the people who are employed in the management of the slaves, and as, in this part of it, it appears deserving of perfect credit for authenticity, we shall confine our extracts to the parts of the volume affording most information of this kind.

'Next morning, before day broke, the firing or smacking of the driver's whip awakened Marly, when he started from his pillow. Having, overnight, partially received his instructions in the new branch of his duties, he instantly proceeded to the fold, in which the cattle were penned during the night. He counted them as they were driven out, to the number of about one hundred and eighty oxen and mules, and then trudged to the field, where he arrived at the same time with the most early of the negroes. The gang, to which he belonged, consisted of between fifty and sixty, with a driver named Hampden, called the second gang, while in the first there were between eighty and ninety. On calling the roll, Marly found his people had turned out well for the first morning, and he felt pleased that no fault in consequence could be found with them. After remaining for two hours seeing them at work, he left the field for breakfast, and having received it, he went to the hot-house or hospital. From the medicine shop therein he made up the prescriptions which had been written by the surgeon who had charge of the health of the estate, at the time when he made his morning's visit. This done, he saw Rambler, the negro doctor, administer them, but fortunately there were only two or three on the sick list, and these cases were of trifling importance.'

'Leaving the hot-house, he was accosted by the negro woman who had charge of the poultry, for an allowance of Indian corn for her feathered tribe, and after having satisfied her, he put the key of the corn loft in his pocket, and went to attend the negroes.'

'On going to the field, the cooks of the gang followed him with breakfast for the people; and, on their arrival, the driver fired his whip as a signal for work to stop,—a signal which was instantly obeyed. Their breakfast could scarcely be said to be sumptuous, for the most of them had only a few boiled plaintains, with a herring, while others had only a piece of yam, with a little lime juice and vegetable pepper sauce. During the half-hour allowed for this repast, Marly had no employment, but, at the expiry of the stated period, he gave the hint to the driver, who again fired his whip, and the negroes took their places in line. They were employed cleaning a cane plot, that is, hoeing up the weeds, stripping off the under leaves or field trash, and softening the earth and refuse or field trash at the roots of the plants.'

'Though the soil consisted of rather a tough mould, the labour bestowed by the negroes was only trifling. They were no way forced in the work, and they applied very little strength indeed. The whip was sometimes fired behind them to keep them in line, but seldom did any require to be touched with it; nay, so far from such being the case, the driver was almost the whole time engaged in chatting and laughing with them who were at work. They were apparently in high spirits, keeping up a continued chorus, in which all engaged, and not a face was to be seen which was not clothed in smiles. This mode of working continued till shell-blown at half-past one by the sun dial, and the moment it was heard, work ceased; every one making the best of their way home—an example which Marly was not slow in following. As some may not understand the meaning of shell-blown, it may be proper to mention that it is a continued blast from a large conch shell, cut on one end for the purpose. It furnishes a shrill lasting sound, which is heard at a considerable distance, and it is the signal in general use to warn the negroes of the dinner hour, though a bell is used on some few estates for the same purpose. During the course of the day, Marly's modesty frequently caused him to blush, from the negroes of both sexes drawing out to him, in the true creole drawl,—"Massa, massa, may him go a bush, massa; may him go a bush, massa!"'

'Marly reached the buckra-house about the same time with the first book-keeper, when they found the carpenter waiting, to go and have a glass of grog along with them in the buckra-hall. This refreshment they had some need of, more especially the book-keepers, who had remained in the field under the sun for such a length of time. It quenched their thirst, and partly revived their spirits, after the great perspiration they had suffered. Fatigued with this new mode of life, Marly entered his room, to wash and put on fresh clothes, but observing on the table a small book with a scrap of paper on it, he took it up, and, to his amazement, found written on it—"Keep the rat-book; and

see that Homer brings in six rats each day, and when they are brought in, have the tails cut from them. If he fails to do so, report—Give him his hat full of corn every day, and, after it is grinded, see it boiled and the dogs eat it."

Such a list of orders as this, was not likely to add much to Marly's satisfaction at his new office. Driven into a fever of indignation, first with the heat of the sun, and then with the burning of his own pride, he felt himself in a most unenviable condition.

"Truly this cannot be borne," exclaimed he; "a man bred at the university of Edinburgh, and intended for the Scottish bar, found only qualified to keep a rat-book,—to see the tails cut from rats, and to watch the feeding of dogs. Had my reverend grandfather been alive, what would have been his feelings, could he have known that his darling child, who he imagined would one day be qualified to fill, with reputation and respect, a seat on the Scottish bench, was only entrusted with the keeping of a rat-book, and the feeding of dogs?" His reflections had not proceeded farther, when the identical Homer made his appearance, accompanied with eight or ten canine companions. His countenance had not the dignified aspect shown in the busts of his immortal namesake of old, for it was that of an ill-made African negro of the Congo nation, much marked on the face with country scars. He, however, presented six rats, and the bodies being dismembered of their tails, he asked for the dogs' corn. Marly did not know well how to act, but, like a soldier, he involuntarily marched to the corn-loft, gave him his hat full, telling him to grind it and have it boiled before he went to dinner. Homer having promised, he returned to his apartment, half regretting that he had become a book-keeper.

'Having made an entry of this very important transaction, he prepared for dinner, previous to which Homer came to him with the prepared mess for the dogs, which Marly saw delivered and speedily devoured by them. During the time the dogs were consuming their allowance, Homer was busily engaged in selling his rats to the best advantage, to some negroes who made the purchase in specie—his day's work yielding him an eighth part of a dollar extra of his allowance. Though Marly had previously heard that the negroes, like the ancient Romans, did eat these ugly vermin, he was sceptical on the point, but seeing it confirmed by positive proof, he could not help thinking he had got into a land of savages, in place of among a much-injured and grievously oppressed race—injured and oppressed for no other reason but because Providence, in the wise dispensation of its power, had conferred on them a dark hue.—He, however, asked a negro girl who had bought part of the game, why she came to eat rats?—She exclaimed, "Dey good nyams for him niger, massa! Him, Sir Charles Price, good nyams for him niger, massa! Him good as hims lens pickeniny, massa!"'

'At this time Marly was told dinner waited, when he entered the buckra-house. Shortly after the cloth was removed, he mentioned what he had seen, and inquired if rats were in general eaten by the negroes. Being informed that they were, the overseer remarked, "that he could perceive no reason why rats should not be good eating, though, from our education, we may entertain a disgust of them. Rats in towns are filthy-feeding animals, but those fed in cane plots live upon the sugar plant, the most cleanly of all kinds of food; and why then they should not form good eating, I cannot conjecture. But as I never tried a mess of them, I am not a proper judge, and I only once saw a white man commence eating a roasted one, (he was a Frenchman), then I fell sick, and had to retire. The Frenchman afterwards declared it was excellent, and that it equalled, if it did not excel, a fine-fed tender chicken, or an excellent young rabbit. The negroes, however, who have none of these prejudices of our education to overcome, are very partial to rats, and have denominated them Sir Charles Price, thereby commemorating an event, that otherwise might have descended into oblivion, as I do not at present recollect to have seen it observed in any of the authors who have written respecting this island. Sir Charles Price, it appears, was a great man in the country, at an early period, after our taking it from the Spaniards. In his time, there was a small species of rat, which proved very destructive to the canes, and which was also thought to be very prolific; in addition to which, field mice were very numerous and pretty destructive. This Sir Charles Price had been told that there was a large-sized rat on the Mosquito Shore, which was an enemy to every other species of rat as well as to mice, and

though equally destructive as the small one, was said to be less prolific. As a choice of two evils, we are directed to choose the lesser; therefore, to get rid of the mice and small rats which then pestered the colonists, he sent to the Mosquito Shore, and had a number of the large ones imported. It answered the expectation in one respect, for it cleared the country, as it is generally supposed, of the small rats, and thinned the field mice; but it has proved equally prolific with those it has exterminated. And should you continue for any length of time a planter, you will have occasion too often to observe the immense devastation in the cane plots, caused by this destructive and widely disseminated race."

"During the afternoon, and the early part of the night, a dreadful thunder-storm raged, accompanied with a continued torrent of rain, or more correctly speaking, of a descending sheet of water, which prevented work of any description; and in consequence, to the negroes it was an afternoon of idleness—work in such weather never being required from them.

"The first book-keeper, with the carpenter, having retired to look after some of their own concerns, the overseer desired Marly to wait, as he had some instructions to give. He accordingly did wait, when the former said, that "it was his department to look after the hothouse or hospital—to keep the keys during the night, and give them to Rambler, the negro doctor, in the morning. The negro boy, Cato, who has been missing for these some days, during which he has been lurking about the estate, was caught this forenoon, by two of the people, while engaged robbing one of the negro houses. He is locked in the bilboes, of which Rambler has the key, and when you close the house for the night, see that his feet are firm, for he often contrives to make his escape. He is one of the pests on this property, and he, along with one or two others, gives more trouble than the whole. I have been on this estate upwards of ten years, and previous to my arrival, I was informed of his character, which was then equally bad with what it is now, though at this time he must be upwards of forty years of age. I have tried what severity could do, and I have also tried the effect of lenient measures;—he has often been flogged; and he has often been sent to the workhouse, and wrought in irons for three months at a time, while he has been more often forgiven; but still, neither severity nor leniency has induced him to alter his conduct. He has also several times been nearly murdered by the negroes themselves, when caught pillaging from them; but to him nothing will be a warning—he will neither work, nor will he run into the bush. For his reiterated deeds of theft, in most civilized countries he would long ere now have lost his life;—and as the people are continually complaining of his depredations, if he does not escape before Monday, I will send him to the workhouse, with instructions to give him thirty-nine lashes well laid in, and detain him for three months, during which period he will cause no trouble to us; besides, he will then be out of harm's way."

"He proceeded. "As we grow only a certain quantity of Indian corn, be sparing of it, and give Cleopatra, for the poultry each day, only her basket full of unshelled. When you come from the field at night, go and see Columbus put the cattle into the pens; keep tally of their number; but you will be put to little trouble in this respect, for Columbus is very attentive. Afterwards see that Buonaparte has brought the sheep and hogs to their pens, and that their number is correct, when you will also give him a basket full of corn, which see the hogs eat, otherwise, some of it will be stolen. At the same time, take notice that Venus, with the pickeniny gang, brings enough of oranges for the pigs. When these are not in season, bid her bring weeds; but the Seville orange is so plentiful upon the estate, that it is probable the sweet orange will be ripe before the bitter is expended, then order her to bring them. And when you have done this, shut the hot-house, taking always care when any are in the stocks, that the lock is fast, for it is rather out of repair." And with these varied instructions, Marly left the buckra house.

"With irritated feelings, at having entered upon such a humiliating employment, he sought his own apartment, regardless of the pelting of the rain, the vivid flashes of lightning, or the tremendous peals of thunder sounding in his ears. His pride, or his vanity, was wounded, at being appointed to keep a rat-book, to see dogs fed, and hogs fed; and what was equal to all the other degradations, turnkey and master-at-arms to a negro prison.

"When he viewed his former life, associating with ashing beaux, and gallanting the fair belles of Edinburgh, contrasted with his present occupation, it ap-

peared to him as if he had fallen from the highest grade in society, into the lowest and the most contemptible. And in such a humour he stepped into the room of his neighbour, the head book-keeper, to inquire whether he had filled such offices.

"He then mentioned the employments the overseer had desired him to perform, when Langbey answered, "Every planter, at his commencement, must go through the same routine, and this routine being common, nobody bestows a thought on it. At the beginning, almost every one thinks more on the subject than it merits; but when you know the character of the negroes better, you will see the propriety of minutely observing every thing whatever which is entrusted to them. A strict eye keeps them honest, whereas a lax one would not."

"As the day was fast drawing to a close, Marly thought it was time he should proceed to the cattle pen; but the first book-keeper said, that "the overseer did not require such attendance on a wet night, though the most of overseers did not dispense with it." He added, "It would answer for the night, if he gave corn for the pigs, and shut up the hothouse." Marly, in consequence, did not go to the cattle pen; but he supplied Bonaparte with corn, and after seeing it mostly consumed by the porkers under his charge, he went and saw that Cato was fast in the bilboes—locked the door, took the keys to his room, and thus finished his first field day.

"Next morning, at the first appearance of light, Marly was at the cattle pen, and saw the whole cattle driven out, after which he returned home, having, previously to leaving his room, given the keys of the hot-house to Rambler. This being negro day, or the day allotted to the negroes to work for themselves, there was no work done upon the estate. It was nearly an idle day to Marly, for he had no other duties to perform, than supplying medicines to the sick, corn to the poultry, corn to the dogs, and corn to the hogs, to see that all the large cattle were driven into their pens at night, to see that none of the sheep nor hogs were missing, and to see that the dogs and hogs were not cheated of their allotted share of corn. And this day of idleness was concluded, with seeing Cato fast in the bilboes, the door locked, and the keys deposited in his chamber."

The volume contains some curious examples of West Indian reasoning on the subject of the Slave Trade, but we believe the arguments employed have all, by one channel or the other, found their way to England. The information the work contains is the best argument which could be brought against the nefarious system; for it proves, beyond all contradiction, that the miserable beings who are kept in slavery, because said to be unfit for freedom, are only made unfit for it through the influence of Slavery itself.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1. *A Treatise on Indigestion, and its consequences, called Nervous and Bilious Complaints, with observations on the Organic Diseases in which they sometimes terminate.* By A. P. W. Philip, M.D., F.R.S.L. and E., &c. &c. Fifth Edition.—2. *On the Treatment of the more protracted cases of Indigestion.* By A. P. W. Philip, M.D., being an Appendix to the former Work. Underwoods, London, 1828.

In the perusal of these volumes, we have been exceedingly gratified; they are entirely original, and founded on the sole observations of the author, during twenty-five years' practice. The Profession have generally become acquainted with his opinions, his treatise having already undergone four, and being now in the fifth edition. We have not room for many extracts, but we think it right to state the intentions of the author in his own words :

"My chief objects in the following treatise, have been to give arrangement to the various affections which have been termed nervous and bilious; to investigate the nature of the disease on which they depend; to detect the causes which determine them to assume the various forms in which they are presented to us, and to ascertain the appropriate treatment of each of these forms."

We need hardly state, that these promises are fulfilled; the symptoms arising from indigestion, and the diseases in which they sometimes terminate, are laid down with such care and precision, that they may be understood by the youngest medical student. The author, in his plans of treatment, has constantly kept in view the changing nature of the disease; for,

as he very justly observes, 'similar trains of symptoms, at its different periods, we shall find, require different, and sometimes even opposite, remedies.'

The Appendix is a well written pamphlet, 'on the treatment of the more protracted cases of indigestion,' and is published in this form, to enable the possessors of the former edition of Dr. Philip's treatise to have a complete work on the subject,* which could not possibly have been the case had it been embodied in the present. This plan is so advantageous, that we recommend it to authors generally, whenever additions to their former works are such as can be given in the form of a separate appendix.

Romanist Conversations. 2d Edition, 1 vol. 18mo. Longman and Co. London, 1828.

THIS work, which is a translation of some dialogues published at Geneva in 1713, between a Roman Catholic and a Protestant, contains a temperate discussion of the several points of faith, on which the two churches respectively differ. It is remarkable for its total freedom from violence or asperity; while at the same time the doctrines of the Reformation are firmly defended. Containing, as it does, a great number of the texts of Scripture, to which the Church of Rome appeals in support of its doctrines, this book is well calculated for a manual or text-book; for which purpose this second edition is improved by the insertion of a paged table of contents, a list of the scriptural passages which are treated of in the work, with a reference to the page where each may be found, and an index at the end.

The Shipwreck, a Tale of Arabia; and other Poems. By A. E. P. Hamilton and Adams. London, 1827.

THESE are some exceedingly pretty verses in this little volume, and which claim for the authoress a creditable place among her fair contemporaries. Much tenderness of feeling, and purity of sentiment, are displayed in the minor poems; and although the principal piece in the collection is a little too strong an imitation of Moore, it deserves considerable praise for a good deal of feminine grace and softness. We give the following specimen of the writer's style, page 201:

WHAT THOUGH AN ADVERSE HOUR DIVIDE.
What, though an adverse hour divide
Hearts by affliction's ties allied;
What, though by fickle fancy moved,
Those hearts disdain what once they loved;
And each through years may live alone,
Far from the once beloved one;
Yet, like those Alpine streams, whose flow
Nature designed one course should know,
And yet, whose waters darkly glide
Distinct, alone, though side by side,
Till, by some strange, unknown decree,
They blend in closest unity;
Yes! like those streams, those hearts may own
The sacred ties that name them one.

The Art of Short-hand Writing, on a New Principle of Contraction; also an Arrangement of the Characters exhibiting at one View the entire Ground-work of Stenography in general. 8vo. pp. 27. Simpkin and Marshall. London, 1828.

THE active and rapid communication of almost every description of public proceedings through the press, occasions the art of Stenography to assume every year a higher degree of importance; for reporting in shorthand is no longer confined, as formerly, to the Metropolis. In every parish in England, occasions are continually arising, on which it is important to preserve accurate reports of what transpires: and this is scarcely possible to be perfectly attained, without the aid of Stenography. The systems on which this art is taught, differ materially; but among those with which we are acquainted, this appears to us to be the simplest and most easily acquired, at the same time that it comprehends all the essential features of preceding works on the same subject.

THE OSAGES.

A ridiculous report prevailed a few days since, that the *Osages* had actually arrived in London, and been driven to Downing Street. Inquiry was instantly made, but we ascertained that the mistake arose from a meeting of our new Ministry having been summoned, and some foolish fellow, in seeing two of them pass by, calling out, "Oh! Sages." It was a double error apparently.

* The Appendix is so written, as to be complete in itself, as well as to bind up with the larger work.

[No. XII. of the Sketches of Contemporary Authors—Miss Edgeworth—will be given in our next.]

EIGHT DAYS AT BRIGHTON—BY A FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION.

No. III.

'Tout ce qui vient du cœur n'est pas de la flatterie..
les flatteurs n'en ont pas'.....'

I GOT to Lord Holland's at nine o'clock. Very few visitors had as yet arrived; but my kind friend, Sir R. Wilson, was among the number. Lord Holland received me in his usual agreeable way, and presented me to her Ladyship as an old acquaintance. I could, indeed, have almost fancied myself at one of the delightful *soirées* which used to be given by the celebrated Madame Geoffrin, to whom Poniatowski, having collected all the suffrages of the Polish diet, wrote 'Maman, votre fils est roi.'

In an arm chair, on the right hand of the fire-place, sat Lady Holland, who was now no longer in the full bloom of youth and loveliness, in which I saw her on her first visit to Paris, but whose fine countenance possesses, in a remarkable degree, that expression of dignity and intelligence which almost always characterizes the maturity of female beauty in England. Beside her Ladyship sat the Duke of B——d, to whom Lord Holland presented me, and who received me with his pleasing air of natural politeness, which is, doubtless, fortified by the happy instinct which teaches him, that affability of manner is one of the duties of the noble name he bears. On the left of the fire-place, where I was seated, were Messrs. de Montron, Alexander B——g, Sir R. Wilson, Admiral Sir Edward Y——, and some other persons, whose names I do not recollect. In the centre of the room, round a table strewed with books and prints, stood Lord Charles Russel, the beautiful Misses Russel and Fox, and several other young persons.

The conversation soon became general, and assumed the animated character of the chit-chat of the Paris saloons, which, however, is, even in France, scarcely known, except by tradition, since politics and *carte* have superseded the urbanity of the old school.

M. Maury, an eminent Spanish writer, who has been long settled in France, had just sent Lord Holland a copy of a very interesting work, consisting of selections from the works of the best Spanish poets, translated into French. Perhaps it may appear something like presumption in a foreigner to attempt to write French poetry, and to have it printed in Paris. Madame de Staél says, there is nothing either so difficult or so easy as to write French poetry. M. Maury has kept between these two extremes, and the natural genius, which his new work betrays, amply atones for any defects in the versification. The translation of a satire of Lope de Vega, on Pride, appeared to be very happily executed. 'The Spanish poet is right,' said Lady Holland, 'to draw a distinction between the different kinds of pride. *L'orgueil*, she observed, addressing me in French, 'est offensive, et la fierté défensive.' These are two very opposite sentiments.

M. de Montron, who has lived so long in the world, has had abundant opportunity of observing mankind in the vast magic lantern of M. de Talleyrand's *salon*, in which he has passed so great a portion of his life, entertained us with many interesting anecdotes of some of the leading Parisian fashionables, and of many of the most distinguished persons in Europe, with whom he commenced and pursued his career. Lord Holland remarked, that his memoirs would form a faithful picture of his age.

The conversation turned on the recent naval victory—the battle of Navarino. The cause of the Greeks, so much neglected, would, it was observed, assume a new energy, which this victory could not fail to give to it. Without attempt-

ing to trace its more remote consequences, there was reason to hope that the severe but useful lesson given by the allies to the Ottoman and Egyptian squadrons, would put an end to the excesses committed in the Levant. Sir Edward Y—— damped, in some measure, the rising enthusiasm by the picture he drew of Greece. He had recently returned from that country, and had seen its cause abandoned by the greater number of foreigners, whom philanthropy, or the love of glory, had attracted to its support. 'You will never make any thing,' said he, 'of that degenerate race but robbers and pirates. These barbarians are sanguinary without courage, and proud without fidelity. No sooner would they be delivered from their oppressors, than they would cut each other's throats; and in this way the Turks would obtain more gratification to their wishes than they would, were they to decimate them.'

—'But,' observed Sir Robert, 'the Greeks cannot continue for ever resigned to the treatment they have endured; besides, have not the Allies exhausted every means available, through representations, to reconcile the Turks to a system more conformable to the state of European civilisation. As, however, the voice of reason was not listened to, it became necessary to have recourse to the last argument of kings—the canon.'—'Well,' replied Sir Edward, 'that will only confirm what was said by Henry IV., "that unjust measures prove the existence of force, not of right." But time, which is the best instructor, will, I am persuaded, show, that England can derive little advantage from such a course of proceeding. Having so long admitted, as a principle in politics, that the establishment of authority constitutes legitimate government, we cannot refuse to the Sultan Mohammed the right to consider Greece an integral portion of his empire. According to this principle, we have no more right to interfere with his mode of governing that country, than he would have to put himself at the head of 100,000 Asiatics, and ask of Russia and Prussia by what right they have effaced Poland from the rank of nations; of Austria, in virtue of what claim she holds possession of a part of Italy; and of Sardinia, why she has assumed the government of Genoa. To these, and many other questions, it might be answered, "By the right of conquest, which, your Majesty knows, is always recognised, as long as there is sufficient force to support its legitimacy." But what would Europe say, if, still backed by numerous bands from Asia, Mohammed should set himself up for a redresser of wrongs, and insist upon placing Gustavus Adolphus on the throne of Charles XII. Besides, has not the Ottoman Porte always been the faithful ally of England?'—'That is one of those assertions,' said Lord Holland, 'which, in consequence of frequent repetition, become almost undisputed axioms; but it is one which it would be easy to refute, by showing that it is quite unfounded.' But, to come to the main point, is it not better for us to see the Ottomans on the Dardanelles than the Russians? Europe is already too much endangered by the colossus of the north, whose fifty-two provinces, in general as extensive as kingdoms, possess inexhaustible resources of war. All the scattered elements of those resources are ready to answer the call of one individual, and may be collected with the greatest rapidity. In 1812, I saw Count de Witte, (now the general commanding in the Caucasus), raise, in less than six weeks, on the estates of the Countess Potoska, his mother, in the Ukraine, four regiments of Cossacks, each one thousand strong, all equipped, mounted, exercised, and presented to the inspection of the Emperor in a condition for active service in the field. Consider this power in complete possession of the Black Sea, and only opening the Bosphorus for fleets which might acquire skill and discipline by de-

feats. You would thus have only a repetition of the policy of Peter I., who said, of the Swedes under Charles XII., "By beating us, they will teach us how to conquer them." In consequence of their active life, and the rigour of their climate, the Russians are prepared to undergo any fatigue, and support, with a wonderful ease, the most extraordinary wants and privations. The government can mould the whole population according to its will, and, therefore, may in time make as good sailors as it has soldiers. To forward this object, all that is wanting is some naval instruction from us, and accordingly the Russian fleet is now taking lessons at the school of Codrington. Must the world then continue to be tormented by these barbarians, who live without principle and without law?' said Sir Robert. 'But, at least, they cannot be said to be without faith,' replied the Admiral. 'In fact, this coalition reminds us of the fable of the Lawyer and his Clients. France and England will get each a shell, and Russia will swallow the oyster; but, as to the expense of the suit, that, at all events, will be paid by us.' 'I wish, Sir,' said Sir Robert, turning to me, 'that you, who have lived so long in Russia, would give us your opinion on this subject.' 'The question is not of easy solution, Sir Robert. It is true, that I must be supposed to have had some opportunities for appreciating the policy of a country, when those who govern it are intimately known to me; but a subject so very complicated requires extensive development, and minute details, into which I could not at present enter, without trespassing too much on the patience of the company. I, therefore, beg that you will excuse me. I shall merely say, while I recognise much justness of observation in Sir Edward's remarks, that we may oppose, as an antidote to these alarming prognostics, the moral character of the reigning Emperor, who may be expected to adhere to the moderate system of a brother, whose disciple he was, and, therefore, to reflect well on an aggression which would not be sanctioned by the other powers, and on its probable consequences. Ah! as to consequences,' resumed Sir Edward, 'these gentlemen of the North do not care much for consequences. They know, by experience, that it is not likely, that explanation and reparation will be demanded of them at their own doors. And, if the results of the expedition of Darius, or of those of Charles XII., were not sufficient to secure them against the chances of an invasion, Buonaparte has sufficiently proved, that all the force of Europe would be repelled by their ramparts of ice, or annihilated under their iron sky.'

This conversation continued for some time among persons more capable of carrying on the discussion than I was; leaving them, I drew near to Lady Holland, and talked with her about Paris. There was in her discourse enough to charm me by the sympathy of our recollections. She asked whether I had recently heard of Madame Récamier:—'Yes, Madam, I lately saw her; she is still at the Abaye-aux-bois, where she has devoted herself to religion.' 'When I was at Paris lately,' said her Ladyship, 'she was so afflicted by the death of her friend the Duke Mathieu de Montmorency, that I could not see her, but I learned that, in other respects, she did not complain.'—'Yes, Madam, she has shown herself capable of supporting with equanimity a singular reverse of fortune. After living in opulence, and being the object of adoration, she has obtained the most desirable kind of female celebrity, namely, a spotless life; and, by her noble and touching virtues, she has preserved the same friends who surrounded her in her prosperity.' 'Be so good,' rejoined her Ladyship, 'as to bring me to her recollection, and assure her, that her true friends are not all in Paris.'

At this moment Mr. Baring approached Lady Holland, and I took that opportunity to say, that I had brought letters for him from some of his

* This is what he afterwards incontrovertibly proved by his eloquent speech in the House of Lords.

friends in Paris. ‘I very much regret,’ he replied, ‘that, as I leave Brighton, with my family, to-morrow, I cannot have the honour of your company here, but if you have no objection to see an English country-house, come for a few days into Hampshire, whither we are going. Mrs. Baring will be happy to see you; and, if you will permit me, I shall inform her that she may expect your visit.’ ‘I accept your invitation, Sir,’ said I, ‘the more readily as it will be very agreeable to me to compare the mode of living in an English country residence, with what I have seen in similar establishments in Poland and Russia.’ ‘You may easily find a more sumptuous house, and one better adapted for your comparison, than mine; but such as it is, I shall be glad to see you there.’ Having said these words, Mr. Baring took leave of Lord and Lady Holland, and, on going away, was followed by M. Labouchère.

After his departure, the conversation again became general. Lord Holland animated it by the richness and variety of his observations. Mr. Al—n, an old friend of the family, spoke on Geology, and cited some very curious facts with all the modesty of a real philosopher. Miss Fox and Miss Russell did not speak much, but the little they did say, was so well said, that it was much to be regretted that their timidity prevented them from taking a greater share in the conversation. The Duke of Bedford spoke with frankness, and listened with intelligence, qualities which are always sure to make their possessors esteemed. In such company, time flies quickly. Fearing, however, to render a first visit too long, I departed, delighted with the evening I had spent.

On leaving the house, I expressed to Sir Robert, who accompanied me, my gratitude for the pleasure he had afforded me. ‘I am glad,’ said he, obligingly, ‘to have done any thing that might induce you to prolong your stay at Brighton a few days longer. You have, however, done right to accept Mr. Baring’s invitation to his country house; and I advise you not to delay your visit. You will find him in the midst of a charming family, forgetting his great speculations and devoting himself to the fine arts; his fine collection of pictures will show the extent to which he prosecutes his taste. Besides, you may be assured that you could not have a better opportunity for the comparison you spoke of. If I can, I will join you for a few days, as I suppose Mr. Baring will remain in the country till the meeting of Parliament.’ ‘In that case, Sir Robert, you will give an additional interest to this visit; and, in the hope of your being of the party, I shall to-morrow send my letters of recommendation to Mr. Baring, and inform him that I accept his hospitable offer.’

Sir Robert did not leave me until we had got to the door of my hotel; and, on hastening to record in my tablet the agreeable recollections of this day, I added, that, if flattery be a perfidious present, merited praise is a debt which I here take pleasure in paying him.

Next morning I left my hotel at an early hour, and proceeded up Church Street until I reached the height chosen for the site of Brighton Church, which, at this elevated spot, seems to form an intermediate station between the sufferings of this earth and celestial hopes. From an eminence which commands a vast extent of country, the eye dwells on a beautiful and varied Panorama, consisting of the elegant town of Brighton and its environs, terminated by the immense mass of water, which mingles with the horizon, and reflects back the motion of the clouds. Seating myself on a tomb-stone in the church-yard, I fell into one of those reveries of pleasing melancholy which Montaigne calls, ‘une volupté sériée.’ I thought on the mysterious termination of human existence, which is contemplated with habitual indifference, or only transient fear,

‘How,’ said I within myself, ‘can we account for that restlessness which drives us from our homes to foreign countries, where we form new connexions, which are often broken as soon as formed; for we are always dissatisfied with the present, apprehensive for the future, and indulgent to the past?’ At length my thoughts wandered to the many beloved friends from whom I was separated, and I know not how long I might have continued wrapt in these melancholy reflections, had I not been roused from my reverie by Colonel Black, who had walked out to inhale the fresh air, and to admire the surrounding scenery. ‘I did not expect to see you out so early, Colonel,’ said I. ‘If I had hoped for this pleasure, I should have chosen a more agreeable place of rendezvous.’ ‘Oh! this spot has its advantages,’ cried he; ‘first, one gets a bath of pure air, which forms an agreeable variety from the vapours of the beach,—and secondly, some interesting historical recollections are connected with this place. Brighton, or, as it was originally called, Brighthelmstone Church is dedicated to St. Nicholas, and the style of its architecture proves it to be several centuries old. This is evident from the painting of the windows. The adjoining chapel was built in the reign of Henry VII. Observe that tomb near which you are seated; you see it has a long inscription on a black marble tablet, which bears the date of July 26th, 1674. It was erected to the memory of Nicholas Tattersal, who saved the life of King Charles II., when, after the battle of Worcester, that monarch wandered about from place to place, and at length sought refuge in Brighton. On the 14th of October, 1651, the King arrived at a public-house in West Street, which to this day bears the sign of King Charles’s head. The house was then kept by a man named Smith, who, having accidentally been at Court, recognised the King, but was too loyal to betray him. Lord Wilmot and Colonel Gunter concluded a bargain with Tattersal, the captain of a little trading vessel, for conveying the King across the channel. Charles embarked at five next morning, and, on the evening of the same day, he was landed at Fecamp, on the coast of Normandy. Among the many inscriptions in this church-yard, some are worthy of your attention. That is a neat one on the tomb of Lady Ramsay’s daughter.

‘Oh! flower of flowers, which we shall see no more,
No kind returning Spring can thee restore.’

Here is another on this monument, which is erected, by a young French lady, to the memory of her mother.

‘Si la vertu garantissait du trepas, ô ma mère, tu vivrais encore!’

That is concise and neat on the tomb of a young lady:

‘Extincta amabitur.’

These monuments and inscriptions will not, certainly, bear a comparison with those of your celebrated cemetery of Père la Chaise, which is single in its kind, and which ought to have been long ago imitated at London. But there, as well as here and every where else, might be inscribed on those altars consecrated to death—

‘Come forth and pass away. ’Tis
The great command of nature, nothing to remain;
Nothing is unchangeable—but change.’

To vary a little this rather lugubrious scene, the Colonel said, ‘I propose to show you an establishment, the object of which is to retard the inevitable pilgrimage to this mountain, and which, on that account, promises to be of considerable utility to Brighton. It is a kind of little temple, which contains, within a narrow space, the benefits with which nature has endowed several other countries. I allude to the fictitious mineral waters which have been formed, within a short time, by several distinguished physicians. I accepted with pleasure his offer, and we directed our course along the heights, which command

Brighton, to a spacious garden, called the German Spa, where, in a fine saloon, elegantly ornamented, nothing appears to have been neglected that might unite the useful with the agreeable. The fountains of Hygeia present, for different kinds of diseases, the salutary waters of Pyrmont, Spa, Carlshad, and Agra.—‘The season is too far advanced,’ said the Colonel, ‘to judge of the effect of this useful institution. Few persons now drink the waters, but in summer this place is numerously attended, and crowd follows crowd in rapid succession.’ ‘We have,’ I remarked, ‘a similar establishment at Paris, namely, the Bains de Tivoli, which we account of great advantage for persons whose business does not permit them to be long absent from the capital. Our most eminent physicians acknowledge, that, in the composition of these fictitious waters, art has successfully imitated nature. But what must add greatly to the advantage of your German Spa, is the change of scene, the secession from every kind of business, and the regimen prescribed to those whose constitutions have been weakened by dissipation or by labour.

‘There is, besides, to the west of the town,’ said the Colonel, ‘a chalybeate spring, the chemical properties of which have been analysed by Dr. Henderson. Like all waters of the kind, it is tonic and invigorating, but it is now too late to take you there this morning. It will form an agreeable object for your promenade on some other day. The place where the spring rises, is surrounded by trees, which have a picturesque effect, besides being otherwise agreeable on account of their rarity on these barren mountains.’

Continuing our conversation on the properties of different mineral springs, which nature seems to have every where bestowed on man, as a powerful means of restoring the waste of life, we found that we had reached Gloucester Square. Here I thanked the Colonel for his interesting information, took leave of him, and entered my hotel. I there received a most obliging reply from the Marquis of Conyngham, enclosing an order to Mrs. Whittle to permit me to see the Pavilion.

As soon as I had breakfasted, I called on Sir Charles P—t, to ask him whether he would be kind enough to accompany me. ‘I have already seen the interior of the Pavilion several times,’ said he, ‘and for that reason I am the more ready to offer my services as your *cicerone*.’

If the exterior of the palace appeared to me to be a most fantastic structure, I was no less surprised at the singular taste which had dictated its internal decoration. It cannot, indeed, be denied, that it is altogether on a scale of the most costly magnificence. In the drawing-room, dining-room, and music-room, the eye is absolutely dazzled with gold, or-moulu and rich silk hangings. But what most excited my surprise, was to see so minute an imitation of Chinese splendour in the residence of a European sovereign. In this imitation nothing has been forgotten; the varied colours of the walls of the apartments, the form of the furniture, and the profusion of porcelain. Winged dragons, of enormous dimensions, support lustres of the form of the Lotus flower; highly-finished paintings represent, on a scale almost as large as life, Chinese of all classes, in the costume of their different provinces and various trades and professions. There are views of the environs of Pekin, four pagodas, adorned with Chinese devices; and, in short, every article, down to the very carpets, is made to resemble, with scrupulous nicety, the furniture of a palace in the Celestial Empire.

‘The organ in this music-room,’ said Sir Charles, ‘is the largest in England. It is remarkable for the beauty of its tone, as well as for its power and extent. The chimney-pieces in all the rooms are, you see, of the finest marble, exquisitely sculptured, and ornamented with or-moulu. These immense looking-glasses reflect every object a hundred-fold, and by multiplying chandeliers

when they are all lighted for an evening entertainment, produce an effect, the gorgeous splendour of which is inconceivable.'

'I confess,' said I, 'that the variety of details, the richness of the materials, and the brilliancy of the whole, does no less honour to English production and manufactures, than to the artists who have so worked upon them; but still, I am not a little surprised that it should have been thought advisable to go so far in quest of fantastic models, when the chaste and pure forms of the classic ages might have been imitated.' 'Contrasts,' said Sir Charles, 'heighten beauties, and what you call a pure style, has often appeared to me very monotonous.' 'Do you know, Sir Charles, what a strange fancy struck me on viewing the interior of this Pavilion? I imagined to myself an honest Parisian draper, leaving, for the first time, his wife and his shop in the Rue St. Dennis, to visit Dieppe, and get a sight of the sea, which to do, for once in a life-time, is a very old custom with this class of worthy citizens. I suppose him on his arrival at Dieppe, in all the simplicity of his travelling inexperience, invited on board a steam-boat. The boat being got under weigh with out his perceiving that he has left the coast of Normandy, he has no suspicion of being out to sea, until the rolling of the vessel makes him experience nausea and inability to move, and warns him that he has neither the head nor the feet of a sailor. We shall now suppose him fallen into a profound sleep, in consequence of his sickness. I would have him under a series of circumstances, which the romance will unfold, brought to Brighton still asleep, and removed in that state into one of the saloons of this Pavilion, where thousands of lights are reflected by glasses. He should be awakened by the melodious notes of that organ, of the powers of which you have so much boasted; and left to himself, he should be allowed to roam about the whole suite of apartments, till, arriving at the royal banquet-room, the magic of the adventure is completed by an elegant repast prepared for him. After having for an hour contemplated those wonders of another hemisphere, admired those pagodas and those paintings, which so accurately represent the Chinese mythology, I would then administer to him some innocent narcotic, which would set him to sleep again. Removed in this state to the steam boat, he should find himself, next day, at the same hour, in the same port of Dieppe. Do you suppose that he would have the least doubt, on awakening, of his having returned from Pekin with the same velocity as Mohammed, who, when carried by the angel Ithuriel, had time to visit the seven heavens, and to return to his apartment, in time to prevent the overturning of a vase, full of water, which the angel, on departing, had struck with his wing?'

'But what you have just told me,' said Sir Charles, 'is only the story of the Sleeper in the "Arabian Nights," adapted to the circumstances.' 'I admit it is, but I mean to suggest this evening, to M. Morier, the idea of working upon it. He could, doubtless, make of it an excellent companion picture to his fine romance of "Haji Babi,"'

Traversing the gardens, which are agreeably laid out, we came to the range of stables, in the centre of which is a large reservoir of water, surrounded by sixty-two stalls for horses. On the west side there is a grand menage, two hundred feet long. The manner in which the stables are aired, deserves to be mentioned. The ventilators are so arranged that a constant circulation of air is kept up. In the greatest heats of summer, a salutary coolness is always maintained.

After rewarding the attention of my female cicerone, and thanking the General for the trouble he had taken, I hastened to prepare for my journey to Kemp-town, where I and Sir Robert Wilson were engaged to dine with the interesting founder.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

We cannot help wishing that this Society had some other, and perhaps some honest title; that which it bears at present, to say the least, is a misnomer. A change from 'THE' to 'A' Society, might effect much; or the addition of an explanatory adjunct, such as who, &c., might remove our objection; which we beg leave to be understood as making, not out of any partisanship or predilection for the Dons of Somerset-house, whose principles or practice of art, with a few exceptions, we see very little reason to venerate, but out of a sincere abhorrence of every thing like unwarranted pretension. It appears to us that, but for some explanation or previous information, the title of this Society would convey the idea that it is a general Society of the Artists of the Nation, and would naturally lead to the expectation that, at its annual exhibitions, we should meet with an assemblage of every excellence produced in the course of the year which has preceded. The establishment is an excellent one; we regard it as a most useful and commendable one, and as meriting every support and patronage. But still it is a mere picture bazaar, in which, not only artists, but those who think themselves such, or who aspire to be such, enjoy the opportunity of bringing their works fully before the public. The utility of such an establishment is obvious; but that merit does not entitle it to assume the pompous title of 'Exhibition of the Society of British Artists'; since in fact, putting the question of respective excellence out of the question, the Royal Academy is *The Society of British Artists*. We make these remarks that we may not be considered as committing ourselves by saying, that the present is an interesting exhibition, interesting as an indiscriminate collection of the efforts of our painters in general, but not as a selection of specimens of the excellence of the British school. This is as much praise as we can reconcile ourselves to award to the mass of exhibited works; a few there are which deserve more particular notice, and these we proceed to point out, as particularly as the time we have been able to devote to them, and the confusion and glare of 900 performances would allow of our observing them.

The reproduction of Mr. Haydon's '*Christ entering Jerusalem*', makes us more sensible than ever to the regret, that he should have felt the necessity of departing from the high walk of art, to which the bent of his genius evidently leans most strongly. The merits and demerits of the picture have been sufficiently canvassed on former occasions; it is enough now to remark, that the truest test of its merit is the fact, that, on returning to a contemplation of it after the lapse of years, in which the judgment can hardly have failed to become improved by reflection and observation, we feel the satisfaction experienced on its first exhibition revived in its full extent.

A Maniac visited by his Children; or, Love watching madness with unalterable mien;, by J. P. Davis, is another powerful picture, which we have pleasure in seeing again. We ever admired the taste, feelings, expression, and style in the female figure of the principal group; the hue of the flesh is, perhaps, somewhat too turbid; the head of the keeper, too, is masterly. The Maniac evinces great power; but such subjects are always unpleasant, and, whether treated on the canvas or the stage, however they may afford the artist an opportunity of exhibiting his force, never fail to betray him into a too evident straining after effect. The colouring is of a rich tone in general, but we should object to the too great prevalence of green in the full lights.

Mr. Glover has several landscapes, remarkable, as usual, for the degree in which they appear true to nature. No. 129, *The Vale of Avoca*, is the largest. The scene is delightful; the effect of a partial light on the wood, by the breaking of the sun through a cloud, is skilful, but we should have preferred seeing such a scene as this treated in general brilliancy: we think the artist mistaken in choosing an obscure atmosphere. In 201, *Keswick, Cumberland*, he has gone to the other extreme, and given an extraordinary and affected brightness, still more unpleasant than the gloom of 129. No. 352, *Moel Vathmer*, near Mold, in North Wales, appeared to us the best of this artist's productions.

Mr. Linton, in *Aeneas and Achates landing on the Coast of Africa near to Carthage*, No. 254, gives an example of his usual highly finished and elaborate composition. The picture seemed to attract great attention, and to meet with general admiration; but it is not of the sort of works which excites our enthusiasm, the

mind is fatigued by the amassing of so much richness; the effect is that of too much fineness. These works bespeak much imagination, but a fancy bordering on disorder. They altogether want sublimity.

The Rat-catchers, by Edwin Landseer, is a very cleverly painted picture, but is deficient in chiaro-scuro. The remaining leg of the old soldier is small in proportion to the figure; it should have been rather larger than otherwise; the survivor of a pair of legs almost invariably increases after the loss of its companion. The right arm of the boy is ill drawn.

Mr. Stanfield has several works. *The Mouth of the Tee* is clever; but wholly devoid of grandeur. *Fort Rouge, low water at Calais*, is still more clever and more spirited.

A view near Geneva, by Barry, and one in the environs of Rotterdam, by Crome, remind us of some of the Dutch masters, and are well worthy of inspection.

The Burning Glass and Dry Reading, show the promising talents of Knight, the son of the late comedian, who was himself an artist.

The best portrait is that of Mr. Brougham by Lonsdale. The same artist has painted Sir Francis Burdett, but with less success.

No. 1.—*Christ Meditating on his Sacrifice*, by J. King, is a sublime subject, very skilfully treated. If altar pieces were more in demand for our churches, this would be worthy of any building which its size might suit.

No. 18.—Entitled *Meditation*, by Lance—No. 87.—*The Monkey Connoisseur*, by Kidd—and No. 220. *The Last Sitting*, by Piddington, are of that class of subjects, known by the designation of Monkeyana; but, exquisitely as they are painted, we confess that we are sorry to see so much talent thrown away upon such subjects. To give to the countenance of an ape the passions and expression of human creatures, may display ingenuity, but, we cannot but consider the attempt as unworthy of the efforts of real genius. Of these three, the Monkey Connoisseur is the best, the curiosity and anxiety of the animal are admirably depicted; while the whole of the other parts of the picture are painted most deftly.

No. 21.—*Wood Scene, a Sketch*, by H. R. Lee, is cold, but has a cleverness, freedom, and nature about it which are highly pleasing.

No. 22.—*The Church of St. Wulfran, at Aberville*, by Roberts, is in this artist's best style, and abounds with that rich colouring for which his architectural pictures are so justly celebrated.

No. 51.—*Massa out, Sambo very dry*, by H. Piddington, displays a very clever effect of light.

No. 99.—*Oimè! Santa Maria!* (which is the exclamation of an Italian itinerant vendor of images, at the destruction of his whole stock,) by Holmes, is well worthy of attention for the expression of the various countenances, and for the comic effect of the whole picture. The artist seems to have intended some political allusion in his representation of the destroyed images: the bust of the Duke of Wellington being the only one which sticks on the board uninjured, while those of Bonaparte and the proud Turk lie broken to pieces on the ground.

Nos. 144 and 481, by Frazer, are in the best style of his peculiarity; the latter, which is entitled a *sentinel*, and represents a dog guarding fish, reminds us of Wilkie; but we should advise this artist not to carry his peculiarity too far, since his pictures though good, want shadow.

No. 160.—*A Fruit Piece*, by Laurie, in which the grapes seem ready to melt in the mouth; and 762, *A Hollyhock*, from nature, by Holland, are admirable pictures of their kind.

No. 181.—*Peter Boats*, by C. Stanfield, is remarkable for its faithful delineation of the objects represented, and the truth of colouring and effect.

No. 291.—*The Destruction of Sodom*, by C. Horton, is a very imposing picture. It has some touches of Martin's sublimity, and the glare of the descending lightning is beautifully softened by the tints that surround it, and these again finely contrasted with the deep gloom in which the devoted city is shrouded beneath.

No. 312.—*The Oyster Girl*, by F. Rowlston, exhibits a very striking effect of light, and has also other merits.

No. 313.—*Portrait of the Rev. C. Richards, Prebendary of Winchester, and Tutor of the late Mr. Canning*, is a faithful likeness of the original.

No. 314.—*Portrait of Master Cartwright*, by J. P. Davis, is a sweet picture, in which the expression of infantine innocence and beauty is combined with the

finest touches of skill in execution, and the rich tone of colouring in which this Artist is so successful.

No. 401.—*Cleopatra sailing down the Cydnus*, by W. H. Brooke, is a highly imaginative and rich composition. The gorgeous bark, with all its splendid equipments, realises the magnificent description of Shakespeare, and, as a picture, worthily embodies forth the fancy of this most gifted of all poetic minds.

No. 453.—*Loch Katrine*, by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, has some merit, but is not an agreeable picture. It is an imitation of Salvator, but has the boldness of this master without his richness.

No. 486.—*Vessels off the coast of Flanders, Dunkirk in the distance*, by J. Ward, is characterised by this Artist's usual skill and excellence.

No. 558.—*Moses with the Brazen Serpent, a Copy from Rubens*, by Miss Kenrick, is a spirited and faithful representation of the great master followed: and, as a work of art, is in itself highly commendable.

No. 570.—*Portrait of Miss Stephens, painted in 1814*, by S. J. Stump, has all the present expression of the original; but is much more beautiful, a difference which fourteen years of public life may well account for.

No. 595.—*Juliet, after a Sketch by Opie, R. A.*, by W. Bone, is an expressive picture; though inferior to that engraved in Mr. Watt's *Souvenir* for the present year.

No. 602 and 619.—*Portraits of M. Bruce, Esq., and Mr. B. Elphinstone*, by Mr. James Robertson, are very beautiful Miniatures,—faithful as to likeness, spirited in style, and exquisitely finished, in their execution.

No. 647.—*A Polish Jew, after Jackson*, by Miss M. Jones, is a perfect bean deal of the race.

No. 772.—*Fishing Boats in the Morsoon, Bombay Harbour, for Captain Grindley's Scenery of Western India*, by C. Stanfield, is one of the best Sea pieces in the Exhibition.

Among the Engravings, the most striking are the *Wreck of the Medusa*, by S. W. Reynolds; *Duncan Gray*, after Wilkie, by Engelheart; and the *Trial of Lord William Russel*, by J. Bromley: and among the Sculpture, *Eve's Dream*, from Milton, by J. Kendrick, and *Prometheus Chained*, by the same artist, will be the first to attract the notice of the visitor.

Among the sculpture, Bailey has also a very graceful group, *Poetry and Painting*, 874. The head of the lower figure has something academical and mannered, but the ease and beauty of the general composition are charming. As for the busts, the five in a row nigh the door, we presume, are illustrations of Lavater.

We may add, that, among the great number of Pictures in this exhibition, (the catalogue extending to nearly a thousand,) there did not appear to be a hundred that deserved to be placed in the gallery of any choice collector. If they are sent there for the mere purpose of sale, the bad may be as much in want of purchasers as the good; but if any desire is felt, on the part of the managers, to make this exhibition the medium of raising the reputation of the English school, they should exclude at least the half of what are now admitted; and, even then, a great mass of mediocrity would remain.

NEW VIEWS AT THE DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

THE New Views exhibited here, (and which were open to the public, for the first time, yesterday,) are the interior of the cloister of St. Wandrille, in Normandy, painted by M. Bouton; and the Village of Untersein, in Switzerland, from the pencil of M. Daguere. Neither of these places has been selected for any other celebrity attached to them than that of their beauty. There is, we believe, no historical record, to render them interesting to the curious; no story connected with them, to add to the pleasures of the romantic. They appear to have been selected, the one from its beauty, as the remains of a work of art falling to decay, and the other for the exquisite scenery by which a humble and picturesque village is surrounded; and form a complete contrast to the perpetually decaying works of art, and the perpetual freshness of those of nature. Untersein is a small village, situated upon the Aar, between the lakes of Thom and Brienz, in the canton of Berne. It was destroyed by fire in 1471, but, with the assistance of the inhabitants of Berne, was speedily rebuilt.

The view is taken from the entry of the principal street, on arriving from Interlacher. At the back, in the distance, is seen the top of the Jungfrau, covered with perpetual snows. This, with the sterile summit of

the Gillihorn, to the left, forms a fine contrast with the freshness and verdure of the mountains that descend to the entrance of the village, thickly clustered with plantations. The village itself consists of a street of 'chalets,' or houses constructed completely according to the plan of the Swiss cottage, with their large projecting eaves, and outside stair-cases. Some of these are covered with stones, and others with the red tile, which accords so well with the rustic scenery around it. The street, like most of the villages in Switzerland, is paved with stones of different shapes and sizes, which are so admirably pointed, that the spectator might tremble at the idea of trotting over them, and instinctively feel the excellence of macadamization. Piled up against the sides of the houses, are heaps of wood and reeds, showing the general occupation of the inhabitants; and, in the fore-ground, are two trees undergoing the operation of sawing into planks, with wedges driven into the cuts; the core, bark, and other parts of which are painted with such exquisite truth, that, after contemplating them, it becomes difficult to imagine that they are not reality. The distant Jungfrau, and the nearer mountains of the Hoch, Birschi, Bellenbough, and Sulek, are likewise most beautifully painted; and there is that bloom thrown over the plantations on the sides of the latter, which forms such a charm in mountain scenery. In this view, the effect of the sunshine is produced by increasing the darkness of the shadows, and by throwing a ray of light over the mountains, which is absolutely beautiful. Altogether, we cannot but consider this view of Untersein as the best landscape that has ever been exhibited at the Diorama. If there is any fault to find in it, it is perhaps its perfect quietude. The absence of every thing like animal life, excepting (the figure of one old woman at the extremity of the village, and of another, seen at work through a window,) gives a stillness to the scene that would almost make one suppose it a deserted village, and impresses the mind with a sensation of melancholy, which is scarcely relieved by the appearance of labour which the sawmen present. In such a scene, so calculated for peasant happiness, we would have seen,

'The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that loved to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabble o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school.'

And not have to feel

'That now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate on the gale.'

As the machine turns round, the contrast between the bloom and verdure of the mountains, and the bright apex of the Jungfrau, with the floor of the cloister of St. Wandrille is particularly striking, and adds much to the effect of both.

The cloister of St. Wandrille, for the nature of the subject, is not near so striking a picture as the other, but yet it certainly possesses its characteristic excellencies. As in the view of Canterbury Cathedral, the artist has here bestowed great attention to his minutiae,—a fault, since it attracts the attention of the spectator to the excellent representation of the masonry and boards supposed to be collected for the repairs of the building, and to some barrels which are lying in the cloister, and distracts his attention from the general effect of the whole. We really believe, that every body whom we heard praise the beautiful view of Canterbury Cathedral, there was not one out of a dozen who did not speak in more rapture of the painting of a few loose stones, than of the excellence of the whole picture.

This view consists of the remains of two cloisters, running at right angles with each other, through the gothic windows of which is seen one of those great closets, with its deep recessed door-ways, so well and so truly calculated for monastic seclusion. At the farther end of the right cloister, (the whole of which is kept in shadow,) is a door, seemingly formed of a few planks, through which streaks of light are admitted, with a rich piece of stained glass over, which serves, in some measure, to show the arches and moulderings of the architecture. In this piece, the sun-shine is admirably managed, deepening the shadows which the tracery and mullions of the window throw upon the pavement of the cloisters; but we totally disapprove of the opening the door at the end. This is not painting, but what is theatrically termed a 'practicable door,' and is a trick quite unworthy of the artist. The bit of blue sky seen through the opening at the junction of the two cloisters, is occasionally overspread with passing clouds, which alternately act upon the lights and shadows of the picture.

Of St. Wandrille, we are told, that he was a monk, supposed to have been allied to Pepin; and that he

founded this convent, which is about thirteen leagues from Rouen, as early as the year 648. The edifice, which was destroyed by the Normans in 862, was rebuilt in 1033; and again destroyed by fire, in 1250.

Upon the whole, the present views rather tend to exalt than diminish the character of the Diorama.

NOTICES OF FOREIGN BOOKS.

Mémoires Historiques de D. F. Mahé de la Bourdonnais, Gouverneur des Iles de France et de Bourbon, recueillis et publiés par son petit-fils.

THE name of De la Bourdonnais must be familiar to, we may safely say, all our readers. Had not his own noble and generous conduct conveyed it to posterity, Bernardin de St. Pierre would have immortalized it in his *Paul and Virginia*; and, connected with the children of Marguerite and Madame la Tour, he cannot be forgotten. The author of *Paul and Virginia*, who had resided during several years in the Isle of France, as a Royal engineer, speaks of De la Bourdonnais in the following terms: 'His principal virtue was benevolence. I have seen in this island, not only batteries and redoubts, which he had established in the most suitable situations, but magazines and hospitals, perfectly well arranged. This island is indebted to him for an aqueduct nearly three quarters of a league in length, by which he brought the waters of the small river to Port Louis, where, until his time, there was none fit to drink. All that I have seen here most useful, and best executed, was his work.'

But here is another strong testimony of the veneration in which his name was held. 'It was in 1735, that M. De la Bourdonnais commanded in the Isle of France, and in 1798, a distance of sixty-three years, the following circumstance took place in the colony. The Marchioness de Monthzon, the daughter of De la Bourdonnais, having, in consequence of the political dissensions in France, lost a great part of her fortune; the Isles of France and Bourbon, at that period governed by Colonial assemblies, which were composed of the principal inhabitants, came to the resolution of acquitting, in favour of the daughter, the sacred debt they had contracted towards the father. The following letter, which was addressed by the President of the Assembly, and to which was joined a grant to Madame de Monthzon, of an annual pension of 1200 francs, will be perused with feelings of interest.'

'Madame, the name of De la Bourdonnais, engraved upon all the monuments of the Isle of France, is still more deeply so in the hearts of all its inhabitants. All that recalls, to us his memory, has a right to our gratitude. Be pleased to accept, with the homages of the colony, the resolution that was determined upon as soon as your situation was known. The misfortune of our times, alone, compel us to express, in so feeble a manner, the interest and feeling which the situation of the daughter of the benefactor of our colony inspires us with. Signed, the President of the Colonial Assembly, Lefebvre.'

He was born at Saint Malo, the country of Duguay-Trouin, Maupertuis, &c. At the age of ten years he was sent on board a vessel that was proceeding to the Pacific Ocean; at fourteen he was appointed midshipman in a vessel that sailed to the East Indies; by degrees he attained the rank of captain, and in 1735, the King appointed him Governor-general of the Isles of France and Bourbon. Those who are acquainted with the political history of the eighteenth century, cannot be ignorant of the misfortunes that overwhelmed the conqueror of Madras; his triumphant career was blackened by calumny, and, on his return to his country, he was thrown into the dungeons of the Bastile, and kept *au secret* for more than two years, during which time, he was not only prevented from having any communication without the walls, but he was deprived of every means of defence. At the expiration of three years, his innocence was proclaimed, but he died shortly after his liberation from captivity in consequence of the hardships he had experienced; the government gave his widow a pension of 2,400 francs.

It was during his residence in the Bastile, and what is more remarkable, whilst being placed *au secret*, that De la Bourdonnais composed, and even wrote, these Memoirs. Deprived, as we have stated above, of communication with his friends, and every article necessary for writing, he yet found in his inventive mind resources to draw up his proof of innocence. Bernardin de St. Pierre has heard from the lips of the daughter of M. De la Bourdonnais the following interesting particulars, which are communicated by the former in his Memoirs:

'He first formed a sort of penknife blade with a penny-piece, which he sharpened on the stone-pavement, and

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cut up some branches of box-tree, which had been distributed among the prisoners during the Easter holidays, for the purpose of having a pen and compass. Instead of paper, he employed white cambric handkerchiefs, soaked in, or starched with, boiled rice, and then dried in the sun. He manufactured ink with water and burnt straw. But colours were particularly wanted to trace the plan and the map of the environs of Madras. He composed yellow with coffee, and green with copper earthings, covered with verdigris, and afterwards boiled.

This, it will be acknowledged, is completely the 'Duris urgens in rebus egestas' of Virgil. We recommend these Memoirs to our readers as being peculiarly interesting.

NEW MUSIC.

'Oh! clear that brow of gloom,' Ballad sung by Miss Paton, and respectfully dedicated to Lady Acland, the poetry by Eugenius Roche, the music by Alexander D. Roche. Lee and Co.

The words and music of this ballad are of a pensive, sentimental, and very pleasing character; and if not very original, yet quite in good taste. It is an Andante in A flat, 6-8 time, and not difficult to be sung. The symphony, at the end of each of the two verses, is composed of five bars, instead of the usual and proper number four, and the false metre rather offends the eye and ear of an experienced musician; but this will not be cared for by the multitude, to whom we beg to recommend it.

'Meet me to Night.' The favourite Cavatina sung by Miss Paton and Madame Vestris, composed by C. E. Horn. Arranged as a Rondo expressly for the Harp, and inscribed to Miss Cattley, by N. B. Chaloner. Royal Harmonic Institution.

We noticed this very pleasing Cavatina in the 'Atheneum,' No. 9, (p. 141,) since which time it has increased exceedingly in popularity and circulation, and very deservedly so. It answers extremely well as adapted to the Harp, and is perfectly 'under the finger' for the performer upon that instrument. This we beg to notice is a very peculiar desideratum in Harp music, not in general sufficiently attended to by those who write for it, nor even such as perform and teach upon it. If the passages be not arranged so as to be *felt* for, without the necessity of alternately glancing at the Music and the strings, the performer acquires as inelegant a habitude of turning the head, as the figure of a Mandarin upon a chimney-piece.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, FRIDAY, MARCH 21.

Professor Millington this evening delivered a most interesting Lecture on the Origin, Progress, and Present State of Paper Manufactories. Mr. Millington, in giving a history of the various modes anciently adopted for communicating ideas and sounds to others, described the process formerly adopted for preparing the Papyrus. He stated this substance to be the inner bark of a species of Cypress formerly growing in great abundance in the marshes of Egypt, to the height of from ten to fifteen feet, but now scarcely found any where. The Egyptians, after carefully separating the inner bark from the plant, in longitudinal stripes, first laid an indefinite number, (according to the size of the paper wanted,) horizontally, then placed a second layer crossways over the first, and covered that again by a third, laid in the same direction as the first. The natural gummy exudation of the plant was sufficient to cause these layers to adhere closely, and, after the paper had been submitted to a considerable pressure, it was considered as finished. The Romans subsequently improved on this plan by polishing and waxing the surface. This paper was made of different sizes, the largest, being about sixteen inches square, was only used by persons of high rank, and from that circumstance, called *imperial*. The exportation of Papyrus from Egypt being subsequently prohibited, the inhabitants of the northern coast of the Mediterranean were compelled to resort to new inventions, and hence arose the preparation of the skins of several animals, which are said to have been first used for the purposes of writing on at Pergamus, in Asia Minor, from which word our term parchment is derived. The descriptions were illustrated with models of the paper mills now employed, and a quantity of pulp, (the manufacturing term for the rags when reduced to powder and mixed with water at a blood heat,) having been procured for the purpose, the different operations of the paper-maker were gone through.

On the table, in the library, were placed a fragment of a meteoric stone which fell at Agra, in the East Indies; a catalogue, illustrated with folio engravings, of the beautiful gallery of Mr. Speck, at Leipzig, &c.—Amongst the distinguished and scientific characters present, were, his Grace the Duke of Somerset, president, his Excellency Count Munster, Messrs. E. R. Daniell, W. Jerdan, M. Faraday, Brande, Hawes, &c.

VARIETIES.

SELECTED FROM RECENT LETTERS OF CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENTS.

LORD BYRON.

The taste for the poetry of the British bard has rather increased than diminished upon the Continent; yet such strange transformations, not only of expression, but of idea, have been effected in *translations*, that no greater change could have been produced in that of a certain well-known Prelate himself in our own country. 'The Siege of Corinth' has been just published in French by Mons. A. Giron, to whom we ought (it is to be presumed) to feel greatly indebted for many very important alterations in the original poetry, which a Flemish critic has pronounced *decided improvements*, and hesitates not to declare that the French version far exceeds in beauty the original work itself. If improvements, it would not appear however that they are additions, as some of what we have been taught to deem the more brilliant passages in the Poem, have been wholly omitted as *too gross* for Parisian taste: and of the novel introductions M. Giron may well claim the entire merit, without fear of our contesting for them. We might have deemed that of all the works of Lord Byron, 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' would have been the least palatable, and the most incomprehensible to our neighbours, from its local and personal allusions. M. Raoul, a Professor at the University of Ghent, has however edited a French translation of it under the happy title of 'The Edinburgh Review,' and has no doubt struck out *new beauties*, of which the English are not, and the regretted author could never have been, aware. The pruning knife, if not the hatchet, is sometimes preferable to ingrafting: but abroad, they can never get any thing English into their hands without trying one and the other. In the case of our new Ministry, however, either experiment might prove beneficial.

AUSTRIA.

The hereditary Prince of Austria is, it is whispered, to be united with a Princess of Wirtemberg: and reports are in circulation of the Emperor being desirous that his eldest son shall share with him the task of ruling his dominions. The cause of this can only be speculated on, if it be true; and may arise from the effects of the late illness with which His Imperial Majesty was afflicted, which may have disposed him to seek in domestic life that repose denied by the administration of the affairs of countries, so heterogeneously composed as are his Austrian and Italian possessions; and where the necessity of obedience is more strictly enforced than coincided in by those who own his sway. Prince Metternich is said to have received the present of a turban from the Grand Signor, and the gift may serve to illustrate another Moslem virtue for the benefit of our new Ministers—a due sense of gratitude for favours received. We have not heard yet whether the fair hands of the Seraglio are preparing another for England. Surely (if all go on, as it seems, unheeded) a just claim might be set up by some one of the new Administration. We could point out, we think, a person who was ever fond of appearing in *Mu'ti*, and might not disdain to assume the Turban, should it be presented. We hope to see a presentation at Court ere long, on the receipt of the Moslem honour; which might haply be worn with more fitness than grace.

NAVARINO.

So long as public excitement, on any particular subject, endures in France, its effects are far more vehemently displayed than with us. The marchand de modes, the perruquier, the jeweller, and even the restaurateur attempts to acquire momentary fame and less uncertain profit by the adoption of the popular title. Navarino Wigs—(they are *out of fashion* unhappy with us,)—les Soupirs d'Ibrahim Pasha, represented by the colour of a shawl or scarf;—Carpe Grillee au Grand Turk, are all applied successively, as an appeal to Parisian feeling; and the profits of the luminous inventor of either designation. The Government, whatever be the true nature of Royal or Ministerial sentiment on the subject, are sufficiently politic to turn to advantage the public opinion, by diverting its expres-

sion from declining commerce, the abuse of elections, or the increase of Jesuitism. Garney, the marine painter to the Dauphin, accompanied by another artist of the name of Decamp, have been expedited, by authority, on board the *Philomèle* frigate, for Greece, to depict upon the spot, where it occurred, the late action. Ere they return, however, some new brochure, another cut of a pantaloons, a novel bonnet, longchamp, or the funeral of some deceased patriot, (the very gayest sort of thing, by the way, that after all they can boast at Paris,) will have superseded all the glory of the battle. Chateaubriand is of course in the ecstasies, while the famous Abbé de Pradt (who is at present at Brussels for his sins or pleasure) has just issued 'Reflections on the Armed Intervention in favour of Greece,' teaming with that accurate view of the subject, and justness of reasoning, for which the versatile Abbé is no less renowned than the versatile Vicomte. He has determined, it is said, that, ere he gives rest to his pen, his works shall fill a hundred folio volumes. Heaven help our generation!

ANECDOTES OF THE ABBÉ DE MONTGAILLARD.

A GOOD deal has, of late, been said about the Abbé de Montgaillard, and his History of France. Here are some anecdotes of that spleenetic, violent, and partial old man.

He lived alone, without housemaid or cookmaid; but he liked a good dinner. One day he bought a truffled turkey, and ordered his porter to get it cooked. He ate both the wings and the truffles, and then threw the remainder into the street. 'My fool of a porter,' said he, 'no doubt supposed that I should not eat it all. He will be rubbing his hands in expectation of his share. What a joke to give it to the dogs!'

He used to live in a small room exactly opposite the Hotel of Cambacerès. One evening, the High Chancellor was giving a ball, while the historian was discharging his bile upon paper. Disturbed by the noise of the festivities, he threw up his window, and cried out, with bitter smile, 'Enjoy thyself, and strut before thy flatterers, whilst thou may, for thou shalt pay dear for thy fiddles. I am preparing thee a page that will disturb thy repose for ever.'

Several officers were feasting gaily at an ordinary in a provincial town. M. de Montgaillard stepped in, and a young man, with whom he was wont to converse freely about the bishops of —. At the sight of the old abbot, the guests immediately suspended their festivities; but he speedily set them at their ease, by saying to the person who sat next to him, 'Have the goodness to pass me the gerkins'; and, picking one out of the dish with his knife, he turned to his companion, and added, 'Do you know why I take this? Because it resembles the nose of the Bishop that has just been appointed to the diocese.'

His character continued unchanged even on his deathbed, as appears from the following passage in his will: 'I have an income of eight thousand francs: to whom shall I bequeath it? To my family? I despise it. To the clergy? I detest them. To the sick poor? They turn me sick. But if I make no will, Government will be my heir; which is a thousand times more disagreeable to me than all the rest put together. Then let it go to the sick poor: they owe me no acknowledgement; and for my will be in their favour, it is out of hatred to every body else.'

GREECE.

THE fears generally entertained in England and on the Continent, on our sending troops to Portugal, of a war being the result, have been re-excited, amongst our neighbours, in respect to the affairs of Greece. We have, in unison with our allies, commenced operations in favour of the latter: and, if the liberal vantage ground afforded by us to Russia in acting against Turkey, (should that power declare war,) be received as fact, it would appear that the remoter consequences of our intervention were fully speculated upon, ere it took place.

That the Grand Signor has evinced, hitherto, a degree of moderation and forbearance, under the galling circumstances in which he has been placed, must be generally admitted; but his prudence speaks more for his policy than his timidity. He is a man of no ordinary character; and his recent measures attest his courage, resolution, and readiness in acting. He knows well that the means he possesses are not yet consolidated; and he is too wary to hazard the safety of his empire in a struggle with the Russians, ere he be enabled to summon all his strength to the contest, which he fears not to engage in, even though the result be the loss of his European territories. The Moslems, from principles of religion and of feeling, are to a man

with him on the subject: and, as they urge him to dare the event, will support him in its encounter.

Of the intention of the Russians no doubt exists on the Continent; but, relying upon the temperate professions of the Emperor Nicholas, we fear not any attempt at aggrandizement on his part; and have even, to the utmost of our power, acted as pioneers in preparing the way before him. Forgetful of his late gradual approaches towards our Indian possessions;—of the Russian artillery used by our opponents in the Burmese war;—of all that has taken place in regard to our Ionian protégés;—of the feeling of the Russian people towards the Turks, and the undissembled policy of their rulers from gone-by time, in respect to Constantinople, we have (at the mere suggestion of the autocrat) by the exertion of our influence, and with every formality of sanction, placed at the head of the government of Greece, the Count Capo d'Istria, the devoted instrument of the Court of St. Petersburg,—the son of Veyra de Capo d'Istria of Corfu, (Lord —will surely understand this,) and one who can be the least reproached, of all men living, as ignorant of diplomatic intrigue. If the Russians succeed in those designs they now as surely contemplate, as they have been long regarded with fanatical enthusiasm by the court and people of that empire, it will be too late to regret the aid we have afforded to our proper prejudice, and the satisfying the ambition of the Czar. The Baltic, the Euxine, and the Mediterranean, will be at once at the command of a naval power, now inferior haply to us in discipline, but certainly not in courage; possessing the means of creating fleets with greater facility than any other country, and soon to be supplied with sailors from the shores of Greece, who have long possessed the carrying trade of the Mediterranean, have for ages exclusively manned the Turkish navy, and who are any thing but deficient in skill as mariners. The concession of any one of the many ports of Greece to the Americans by Russia, will engage that country, on the score of interest, on its side, without the fear of encroachment on the part of the Republicans, or even their interference with the commercial designs of the emperor; and that the Americans are not idle or inattentive to their interests, the events of many years past in the Mediterranean can well attest.

The emancipation of the Greeks, abstractedly considered, is a chivalrous and a generous project, worthy of an enlightened government; but it should have been done from a proper motive; and, had Canning lived, they would probably have shortly become an independent nation. But to be made a catspaw, to free them from one species of servitude to impose another, which may neither be less severe nor galling, would, of itself, attach shame to the power that lent itself to such an object; while the consequences may be as ruinous to our interests, as little calculated to demand the sympathy of others in our favour.

THE ENGLISH MINISTRY.

It has been asserted, on the Continent, that the 'Great Captain of the Age' intends to unite in his person the offices of prime and cabinet minister, with the command of the army; or, in other words, the power of directing the councils of the sovereign, the administration of the finances of the empire, and the application of its military force. Foreigners, least acquainted with the constitution of our country, justly ridicule the idea; but, if it be true, would it not be advisable to unite the dignities of Lord High Chancellor and Archbishop of Canterbury to the others? The head that can manage the first, can readily comprehend the last; and much public saving might occur; as the duke, in a pecuniary point of view, is not an interested man, and might undertake them (with the Irish government included, as a make-weight) for a trifling remuneration.

FRENCH POST OFFICE.

The 'Cabinet Secret,' which has so long had the direction of the affairs of the 'Bureau des Postes et des Lettres' at Paris, has just been abolished by the new Minister of Finance M. Roy. Its malpractices have been as energetically as boldly exposed by M. Girardin, in terms which, under a prior administration, might have secured him a tranquil and lengthened seclusion at Vincennes. The impunity, attendant upon his disclosures, had suddenly called forth a host of plaintiffs, chiefly of the mercantile body: and an ample list has been afforded, not only of the violation of private correspondence, but of the very serious abstraction of private property. Amongst others, appears the name of one of our countrymen, Mr. Thomas Hughes, who sent a thirty pound bank-note in a letter

for London, and on its non-arrival at its place of destination, he appealed to the 'Cabinet,' which condescended to take a note of his loss, and cavalierly informed him that if he heard nothing of it within three days, it must be considered as lost. The three days expired, the word of the Cabinet was as good as the Bank, for he has never heard more of it.

THEATRICALS IN PARIS.

The Opera of the 'Dumb Girl of Portici,' so long expected, has at length come out, at the Royal Academy in Paris, and has met with unparalleled success. The History of Naples, and the conspiracy of Masaniello, have, moreover, furnished the subject of this piece, of which the following is a brief analysis: Alphonso, the son of the viceroy of Naples, is engaged to marry Elvira, and every thing is ready for the ceremony. But he had seduced a young girl, called Fenella, the sister of Masaniello; she was dumb, but not deaf, and had been imprisoned by order of the viceroy. Just at the time of celebrating the marriage, Fenella escapes from her confinement, and, pursued by the sentinels, throws herself at the feet of Elvira, to whom she relates, by signs, the story of her misfortunes, and implores her protection. The young bride promises to recommend her to the prince, after the nuptial benediction. Judge of the despair of Fenella, when she recognizes her seducer in the prince who is on the point of marriage. The sight troubles him; Elvira is agitated; and thus terminates the first act.

In the next act, the Neapolitan conspirators, assembled on the banks of the Tamar, develop their hostile designs against the government of the Viceroy, and the ardent Masaniello is placed at their head. Instigated by the wrongs of Fenella, he swears that he will take vengeance on the man who has brought a reproach upon his family, and administers the same oath to his comrades. The first half of the third act transpires in the palace of Alphonso, who endeavours, in vain, to subdue the jealousy of his bride. The scene changes, and we are carried to the market-place of Naples. A Spanish officer appears, to arrest Fenella. The conspirators, in the garb of dealers, seize the poinards which they had concealed in their hampers, and repulse the soldiers; when the insurrection becomes general.

In the fourth act Masaniello has triumphed; he is master of Naples; but it is from his cottage that he dictates its laws. Meanwhile, Naples is deluged with blood. Masaniello goes out to concert with his friends: Fenella remains alone. There is a knock at the door of the cottage. It is Elvira and Alphonso, fleeing, who beg her hospitality and implore an asylum from the fury of the mob. Masaniello returns and demands the names of the strangers. They evade the question, and Masaniello promises to make no attempt upon their lives. Some of the rebels arrive, and one of them recognizing the son of the Viceroy, they all seek to kill him. Masaniello defends him; and the conspirators, enraged to see their chief protecting a Spaniard, begin to think that they have but dethroned one tyrant to set up another. The triumphal procession of Masaniello closes the fourth act. The scene is now in the palace of the Viceroy; the victorious conspirators give themselves up to the excesses of a Neapolitan debauch. One of them, who is jealous of the power of Masaniello, pours into his cup a potion which deranges his mind. It is announced that Alphonso, at the head of his soldiery, is coming towards the palace. The mob call upon the courage of Masaniello; but the poor rebel sings to them of the Carcarolles, and runs about like a mad-man. At length he is drawn into the fray. He falls, and the counter-revolution is carried. Vesuvius groans, and an eruption follows: Fenella joins the hands of the newly-married pair, climbs the mountain, stops a moment on the brink of the crater, to take a last look of her Alphonso, and then rushes headlong into the burning lava, which overspreads the whole of the scene. The curtain falls upon this picture, which represents the eruption of Vesuvius as well as it is possible to be done by painting.

M.M. Scribe and Germaine, are the authors of the poem of this Opera, and M. Auber of the music. The scenery and decorations are the work of M. Ciceri, who made a journey to Naples on purpose that he might fill his imagination with the picturesque views in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius and Portici. Adolphus Nourrit, the actor, both sang and played well in the part of Masaniello; and Madame Cinti sang with her usual ease. But the expressive pantomime of our celebrated figurante, Mlle. Noblet, has secured the largest share of the public approbation.

EARTHQUAKE.

At twenty-one minutes past eight of the morning of the twenty-third of February last, the shock of an earthquake was felt simultaneously at Liege, Maestricht, and Tongres, in the Netherlands; which lasted about ten seconds at those places. The previous night and the earlier part of the morning portended, from the appearance of the sky, a high wind from the south-west; but the weather became suddenly calm a few moments before the earthquake was felt. What renders this visitation the more remarkable, is its having been apparently confined to the low countries, which have been peculiarly exempted from such occurrences; and none has been remarked since that of 1755, when Lisbon was destroyed, and nearly the whole of Europe experienced, in some degree, the earth's commotion. The cities we have alluded to above, were those where the shock was the severest. Liege being undermined in its whole extent by coal pits, its inhabitants were greatly as justly terrified. At Maestricht, a catholic priest was in the act of performing the burial service in the public cemetery, placed, as it would seem, on the very line the earthquake most forcibly evinced itself. Alarmed at the unaccountable phenomenon, he, with the mourners, most unceremoniously left 'the dead to bury the dead,' and took to his heels, none of the party pausing to take breath until they had attained the town. At Tongres, the mass for the dead was saying in the ancient and remarkable church of that oldest of the cities of the Netherlands; and the corpse of a young woman was lying before the altar, when the coffin was observed to move upon the tressels that supported it, and a strange moaning sound was heard to fill the church: unprepared for these unusual events, fear got the better of devotion. Without, the 'let us start fair' formality of the Cornish curate, the Priest headed his flock in the attempt to escape from the church, but the doors opening inward, were at once closed by the rush of the affrighted congregation; and long and fearful was the struggle, and the cries and shrieks of the candidates for *Catholic Emancipation* most alarming, ere a *soutie* could be effected.

FRENCH DRAMA, FOUNDED ON THE NOVEL OF WOODSTOCK.

A NEW three-act drama, entitled 'Charles II. ou le Labyrinthe de Woodstock,' has been lately brought out at the Odéon at Paris. As the title implies, it is founded on Sir Walter Scott's novel, 'Woodstock.' The incidents, employed by the dramatist, are the rivalry of Charles, an outlaw in the midst of his enemies, with the more honourable lover of Alice; the challenge, and the anxiety of Alice, who is aware that it is the King who is about to engage with her lover; the generous confidence of Charles, who declares himself, in order to explain the concern of which he had been the object; the union of the two lovers; and, lastly, the restoration of the throne of the Stuarts. To the three characters above mentioned, that of Rochester is added. The dramatist is M. Alexandre Duval. His work is much praised for the skill, more especially, with which the unique situation of the King is made to impart its interest to the greater part of the piece.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

THE Meeting which was to have been held on Tuesday last, the 18th inst., was, after the reading of the Minutes, adjourned, in consequence of the death of the President and Founder, which took place at Norwich on Monday morning, the 17th instant.—The name of Sir James Edward Smith, as a most ardent, zealous, and successful cultivator of Botany, will be handed down to posterity by the admirers of that science, as a proof of what industry and perseverance can accomplish; for we can boldly affirm, that he has by far surpassed every former or contemporary writer, in the number of his works. It is a curious fact, that the last volume of his 'English Flora,' a work to which he had devoted his most studious attention, was published on the Friday before his death. We hope soon to lay before our readers a more extended sketch of the Biography of this much-to-be-regretted Botanist.

cries from GREECE.

M. Meyer, a respectable clergyman at Colmar, has published a small volume of poems, entitled (literally) 'Cries from Greece,' the profits of which are devoted to the relief of the sufferers in that country. The volume contains twenty pieces, mostly lyrical, in many of which the author displays great energy and enthusiasm. 'The Dream of Blackavac,' a valiant chief of Armatolis, who displayed the banners of liberty on Mount Olympus, so early as in 1808, is entitled to particular praise, and altogether, the volume is highly creditable to its author,

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To the Editor of the *Athenaeum*.

SIR,—Montague-street, March 22.
HAVING observed, in your last Tuesday's "Athenaeum," a notice, intimating that a sight of the copy from the celebrated painting of the *Incendio di Borgo*, might be obtained, by a walk to the Gallery of Painters in water-colours, I embraced the earliest opportunity of gratifying my curiosity. On beholding this celebrated picture, I was forcibly struck by an architectural blunder, introduced in the three columns of the *campo Vaccino*. Instead of the most beautiful example of the *Corinthian* capital now extant, the Composite is there substituted in its place, which at once renders it faulty in the design. I was the more surprised that such an absurdity is observable, when I consider that Raphael enjoyed so great a reputation, both as an architect and painter. As I am not aware that this defect has been previously noticed, I have taken upon me thus to mention it.

P. B.

To the Editor of the *Athenaeum*.

SIR,—I transmit the enclosed, which, I believe, is not generally known, as the production of Horace Walpole, having been only privately printed at Strawberry Hill.

Westbury, March 16th, 1826.

W. D.

THE ENTAIL.—(A FABLE.)

In a fair summer's radiant morn,
A Butterly divinely born,
Whose lineage dated from the mud,
Of Noah's, or Deucalion's flood,
Long hovering round a perfumed lawn,
By various gusts of odour drawn,
At last established his repose
On the rich bosom of a Rose.
The palace pleased the lordly guest ;
What insect owned a prouder nest ?
The dewy leaves luxuriously shed
Their balmy essence o'er his head,
And with their silken tapstry fold
His limbs enthroned in central gold ;
He thinks the thorns embattled round,
To guard his castle's lovely mound,
And all the bush's wide domain,
Subservient to his fancied reign.
Such ample blessings swelled the fly,
Yet in his mind's capacious eye,
He roll'd the change of mortal things,
The common fate of flies and kings ;
With grief he saw how lands and honours
Are apt to slide to various owners ;
Where Mowbrays dwelt, how grocers dwell,
And how cits buy what barons sell.
Great Phœbus, Patriarch of my line,
Avert such shame from sons of thine ;
To them confirm these roofs,' he said ;
And then he swore an oath so dread,
The stoutest wasp that wears a sword
Had trembled to have heard the word.
If law can rivet down entails,
These manors ne'er shall pass to snails,
I swear,' and then he smote his ermine ;
These towers were ne'er made for vermin.
A Caterpillar grovel'd near,
A subtle, slow conveyancer,
Who, summon'd, waddles with his quill,
To draw the haughty insect's will.
None but his heirs must own the spot,
Egotten, or to be begot.
Each leaf he binds, each bud he ties
To eggs of eggs or butterflies ;
When, lo ! how fortune loves to tease
Those who would dictate her decrees !
A wanton boy was passing by ;
The wanton could behold the fly,
And, eager, ran to seize the prey ;
But, too impetuous in his play,
Crushed the proud tenant of an hour,
And swept away the mansion-flower.

CAPTAIN DURVILLE'S COLLECTION.

Messrs. Quoy and Gaymart, the naturalists attached to the scientific expedition commanded by Captain Durville, have transmitted to the Paris Museum twenty-five chests, containing more than five hundred objects of natural history. They consider themselves to have made sufficient observations, to determine the establishment of eleven new genera, and one hundred and three new species. Yet these communications seem to be no more than the prelude to those which the expedition will hereafter enable them to make, especially from the exploring of the coasts of New Guinea.—*Le Globe*.

A MODERN LADY FRESH FROM HER TOILETTE.

'Tis done ! and now, the toilette's labours o'er,
Nature retires, and Art can do no more ;
The full-grown wonder is at length complete,
And lo ! she stands confess'd—a fair deceit ;
As bright a form as Fashion e'er has seen
Midst those who deck the gay and festive scene.
Fair in disguise, O, say, how fair would be
Her picture heightened by simplicity !
But now the form which Nature gave is changed,
Her charms are altered, and her laws deranged :
Those lovely locks which, well adorned, were meant
To be, O woman ! thy chief ornament,
Swell'd into lofty pyramids of hair,
In tasteless uniformity appear ;
And the soft regions of the rounded waist,
By frightful pockers, are, alas ! defaced ;—
A mode, no doubt, invented to disguise
Some little ladies' deformities,
Which, in one seeming end, might answer two,
And adding bulk, might give proportion too ;
A sort of Cossack-mania, which invades,
(Short be its hateful reign,) mammae and maids ;
A model copied from the strolling wench,
Who shines, the glory of the ale-house bench.
Pray, gentle dames of fashion, do assume,
To make your characters complete, a broom,
And learn to mimic the Bavarian 'buy' !
Who could resist the magic of the cry ?
But let us change the scene—and this way pass—
To see Belinda, gazing at the glass :
"Why look so long !—there's nothing to admire ;"
"Nothing !—By heavens, she wants the *turrets* high her
There's matter now, indeed, to strike the view,
For admiration, and for wonder too ;
They soar aloft, and scorn their kindred earth,
Like shaggy monsters of portentous birth,
As if th' Arabian Broomedary there
Had to the Camel lent his bunch of hair,
And on one back were seen, a monstrous sight,
Three lofty obelisks of tremendous height ;
So tall, the puny feathers, that adorn
The Indian warrior's plume, they laugh to scorn,
And, with contempt of reason, have forsaken
The wiser model, whence they first were taken ;
And seem to court the stranger's upraised glance,
And bid him laugh at such extravagance ;
O ! Fashion, Fashion, whither hast thou brought
Thy wayward children, whom thy laws have taught.
What is their now degenerated state ?
Since now they blush not, o'er to imitate,
(To give the human form some short relief,)
A strolling broom-girl, and a savage chief!

J. S.

TO SOME TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS.

Ye will not bloom in stranger earth,
Ye waste no balm on foreign air,
Torn from the land that gave ye birth,
Ye deem it not one effort worth
To pay—what had been needless care,
Had those who'd save, but deigned to spare !
Since Nature hath no more her right,
Ye will not languish on with less ;
Winter, and banishment, and night,
Warm not in vain such things of light ;
Rooted in home and happiness
Lived ye, whose death defeats distress.
How wise are Flowers ! They come with Spring
Or herald her from snow-beds white,
They dwell with every lovely thing,
In sunny vales, where wild birds sing,
Where dew drops glitter, chrystral bright,
And—they can close their eyes at night !
Or watch the shooting stars, the moon,
The glow-worm, and torch-bearing fay,
The harmless lightning flash of June,
Or hear the crickets' merry tune,
And know that they can rest all day—
Or wake but in the breeze to play.
They've sought to do but breathe and shine ;
They are admired by every one ;
Or, seen but by the eye Divine,
He did to their brief date assign
That they should never be alone,
And die, when all life's joy was gone !
Yet, with a sense of solitude,
A heart, that's now all memory,
A will, tho' powerless, not subdued,
A frame, that wastes 'neath clime so rude,—
I cannot rest, I cannot fly—
Nor, saddest boon, in exile die !

J. H.

PLAN IN RELIEF OF ST. PETERSBURGH IN THE EXHIBITION AT PARIS.

THERE has been lately an exhibition at Paris of the Panorama of M. Blenzy, which represents the principal capitals of Europe; but they were drawn on so small a scale, that by far the greater number of the details were of necessity omitted. The plan in relief of St. Petersburg, on the contrary, executed on a scale of one foot to two hundred and forty feet, occupies a space of about forty metres in length, by twenty-three metres in breadth. These proportions afford a facility for representing every detail of the architecture; which is consequently given with the most rigorous exactness.

It is wonderful, considering the size of this capital, that there are in it not less than six imperial palaces, eighty churches, monuments, and public establishments, such as theatres, arsenals, barracks, and more than three hundred court-halls and hotels. St. Petersburg is a city worthy of admiration for the regularity of its construction, the grandeur and the number of its monuments; but how greatly does that admiration increase, when we recollect that this new capital of the Empire of Russia is not more than one hundred and thirty years old; and that it is under the influence of a climate the most severe, and on a marshy soil, that Peter the Great has raised this immortal monument of his genius.

The Thames flows almost unperceived through the city of London; it is only on the bridges that you can enjoy its sight. But the Neva, which waters St. Petersburg, is like the Seine at Paris, bordered by the most magnificent quays. The waters of the Neva, which are sufficiently deep in every part to carry vessels of the largest size, divide themselves into many branches about the environs of the town, and form the number of islands by which it is surrounded: these islands, in spite of the rigour of the climate, offer the aspect of a most cheerful country. The twenty-five years of the reign of the emperor Alexander, when the taste for the arts had such a happy influence for this capital, were consecrated to embellish it with the most beautiful pieces of architecture.

It is to this Prince that the town is indebted for that incomparable property, which, while it charms the sight, powerfully contributes to preserve the health of the inhabitants, by giving them pure air in the worst as well as in the best seasons. In the middle of the streets large aqueducts are built, covered and adorned with grating, at intermediate distances. By means of this disposition, and of a certain declivity, the pavement of the streets, even after the thaws of spring, and after the most continued rains, is as clean and dry as in the middle of summer; the streets are, besides, bounded by footpaths of granite, conveniently elevated and sufficiently wide for three or four persons to walk abreast. A carriage can never come near a foot-passenger, and the latter are never in the least danger; they are, moreover, guarded by the size of the streets, which are wide enough to admit of the passage of four and even of six carriages abreast. The site of the town is generally level, and all the streets are very wide. In short, St. Petersburg unites, under the icy sky of the north, the advantages and the pleasures, which the most beautiful and richest cities of temperate climates are able to present.

MONUMENT TO JAMES WATT, IN EDINBURGH.

The Committee appointed to conduct the Subscription for the erection of a Monument to James Watt, in the Capital of Scotland, have issued a Circular, soliciting aid in the prosecution of this object, which is in every way so honourable to the country. It is intended, that the Monument shall not only serve to transmit the name of Watt to posterity, but shall be applied to the purpose of conveying instruction, in the scientific principles of their trade, to operative mechanics, by the erection of a suitable Building for the School of Arts. From the day of taking possession of the intended edifice, the present name of that establishment is to be dropped, and it is thenceforth to be called 'The Watt Institution'; thus impressing on the minds of the students, by his great example, the high reward that awaits the industrious mechanic, whose genius is guided by the accurate principles of science, and by that practical wisdom which knowledge alone can impart. The Committee recommend, that the application for Subscriptions should not be confined to the wealthier classes, but that all operative mechanics should be invited to assist, in proportion to their means, to do honour to a man who raised himself from their own sphere to this great distinction.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. L. B. has misconceived or misinterpreted the intention of returning her work with her communication; it was to prevent the possibility of that note (which contained allusion to personal circumstances,) falling into the hands of any other individual, and to assure her of its safety, by placing it again in her own custody....

Erratum.—In an advertisement inserted in our last, announcing the removal of a German and French School from Hallow Street, for 'Bernays' read Bernays.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In a few days will be published, the First Part of the Bibliographer's Manual; being an account of rare, curious, and useful books, published in, or relating to, Great Britain and Ireland, from the invention of printing; with bibliographical and critical notices, collations of the rarer articles, and prices at which they have sold in the present century. By William Thomas Lowndes.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 21.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester intends visiting Cambridge next Commencement.

OXFORD, MARCH 21.—Degrees. D.D. Rev. P. Wynter, President of St. John's College.

M. A. Rev. H. Powneys, Queen's Coll.; Rev. P. Spry, Mag. Hall; Rev. T. Hope, University Coll.; Rev. A. Rogers, Jesus Coll.; B. A. J. Charnock, Lincoln Coll.

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Arran, a Poem, by the Rev. D. Lansdowne, 12mo. 5s. The Hebrew, a Sketch in the 19th Century, 5s. 6d. Paguerie, on the Wines of Bordeaux, 5s. Hymns and Sacred Lyrics, by Constantius, 12mo., 8s. The Subaltern, third edition, 12mo., 7s. Rev. Jos. Wolfe's Journal, vol. 2, 8vo., 8s. Ears of Wheat, by Mrs. Sherwood, royal 18mo., 2s. 6d. Barton's Practical Dissertations in Conveyancing, vol. 1, royal 8vo., 25s. Rev. H. B. Fisher's Sermons, royal 18mo., 2s. 6d. Public Characters, vol. 1, 18mo., with 27 portraits, 8s. Ventris's Improved Primer, being a First Book for Children, royal 18mo., 6d. Philpott, on the Coronation Oath, 8vo., 9s. 6d. Stuart's Commentary on the Hebrews, vol. 1, 14s. The Barn and the Steeple, 12mo., 4s. 6d. Kennedy's Notes on the Epidemic Cholera, 8vo. 10s. 6d. The Pocket Racing Calendar for 1827, 3s. 6d., or with the nomination for 1828, 5s. Arundell's Visit to the Seven Churches of Asia, 8vo., 15s. The Night Watch, or Tales of the Sea, 2 vols., post 8vo., 18s. The Man of Ton, a Satire, demy 8vo., 5s. 6d. Don Pedro, a Tragedy, by Lord Porchester, demy 8vo., 4s. 6d. The Elements of Greek Grammar, with Notes for the use of those who have made some progress in the language, by R. Valpy, D.D., F.A.S. Eleventh edition, with considerable improvements, 8vo., 6s. 6d.

This day is published, in one vol., price 5s. 6d.

THE HEBREW, a Sketch in the Nineteenth Century, with the Dream of Saint Regna. Printed for W. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, London.

In 3 vols., post 8vo.

ALMACK'S REVISED.—Price 11. 11s. 6d.
We consider 'Almack's Revised' to be superior to the first 'Almack's' which made so great a noise, and became so universally popular.—*Literary Gazette.*
Printed for Saunders and Otley, Public Library, Conduit-street.

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MUSICAL MANUAL.—A MUSICAL MANUAL, or Technical Directory, containing full and perspicuous explanations of all Terms, Ancient and Modern, used in the Harmonic Art; with incidental Remarks on the principal excellencies of Vocal and Instrumental compositions and performances. By THOMAS BUSBY, Mus. Doc. Price 8s.

GOULDING and DALMAINE, 20, Soho-square.

New Burlington-street,
March, 1828.

MR. COLBURN has nearly ready for publication the following Works:—

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY'S NARRATIVE of the PENINSULAR WAR, 4to., with Maps and Plans.

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RELIGIOUS DISCOURSES, by A LAYMAN, 8vo., 4s. 6d. THE LITERARY CHARACTER; the HISTORY of MEN OF GENIUS, drawn from their own Feelings and Confessions. By I. D'ISRAELI. The Fourth Edition, with a New Preface, and a Letter and Notes, by Lord BYRON. 2 vols.

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The work which I here lay before the public is, as the first glance will show, an entirely new one, in which scarcely a few fragments of the former have been incorporated.—*Author's Preface.*

Cambridge: Printed by John Smith, Printer to the University, for John Taylor, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, Bookseller and Publisher to the University of London, and sold by James Duncan, Paternoster-row.

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